

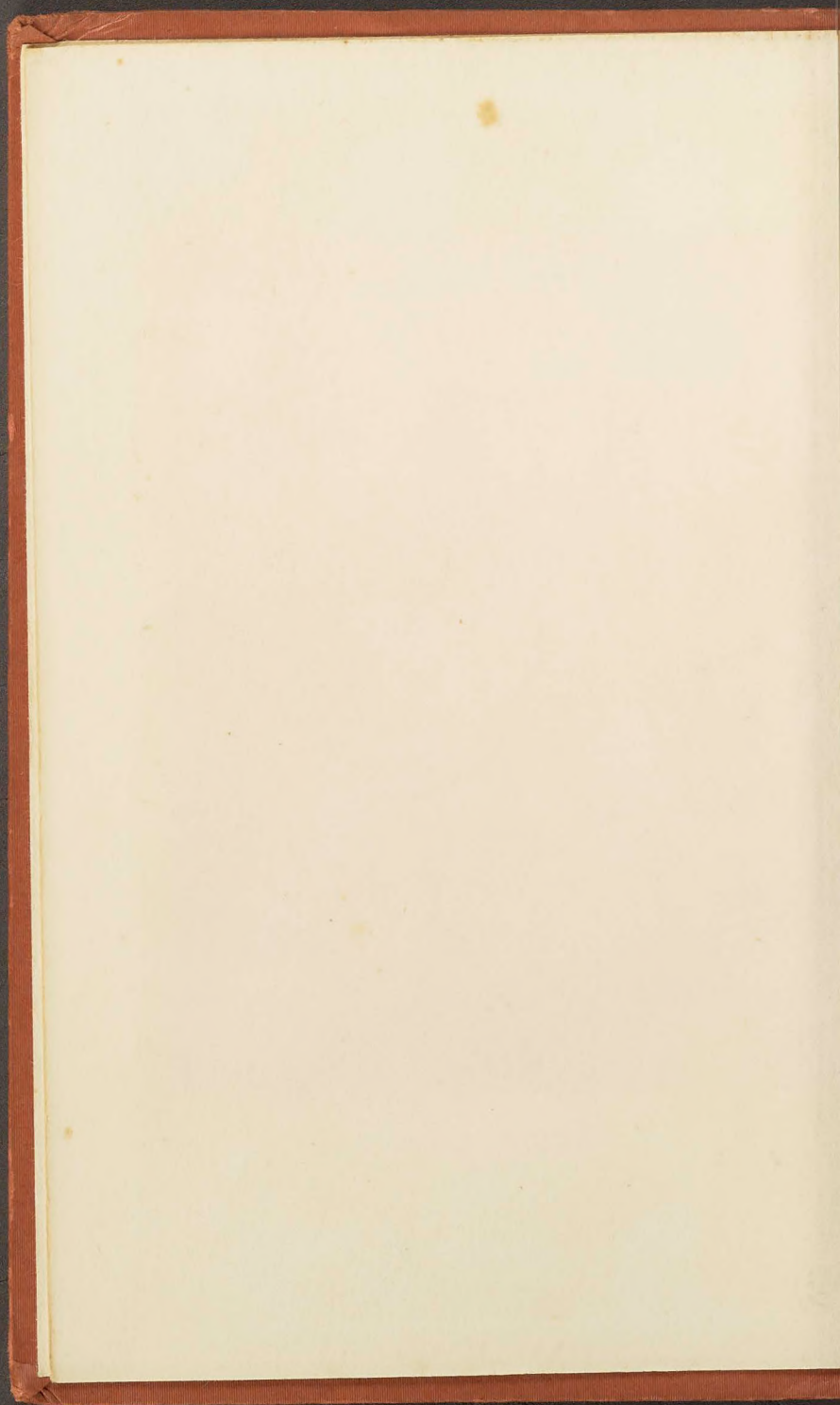
**A Personal Record of
Some Incidents in the
Life of Cecil Rhodes**





W. J. A. Grant,
Hillersdon,
Cullompton.









A Portrait by Roworth.

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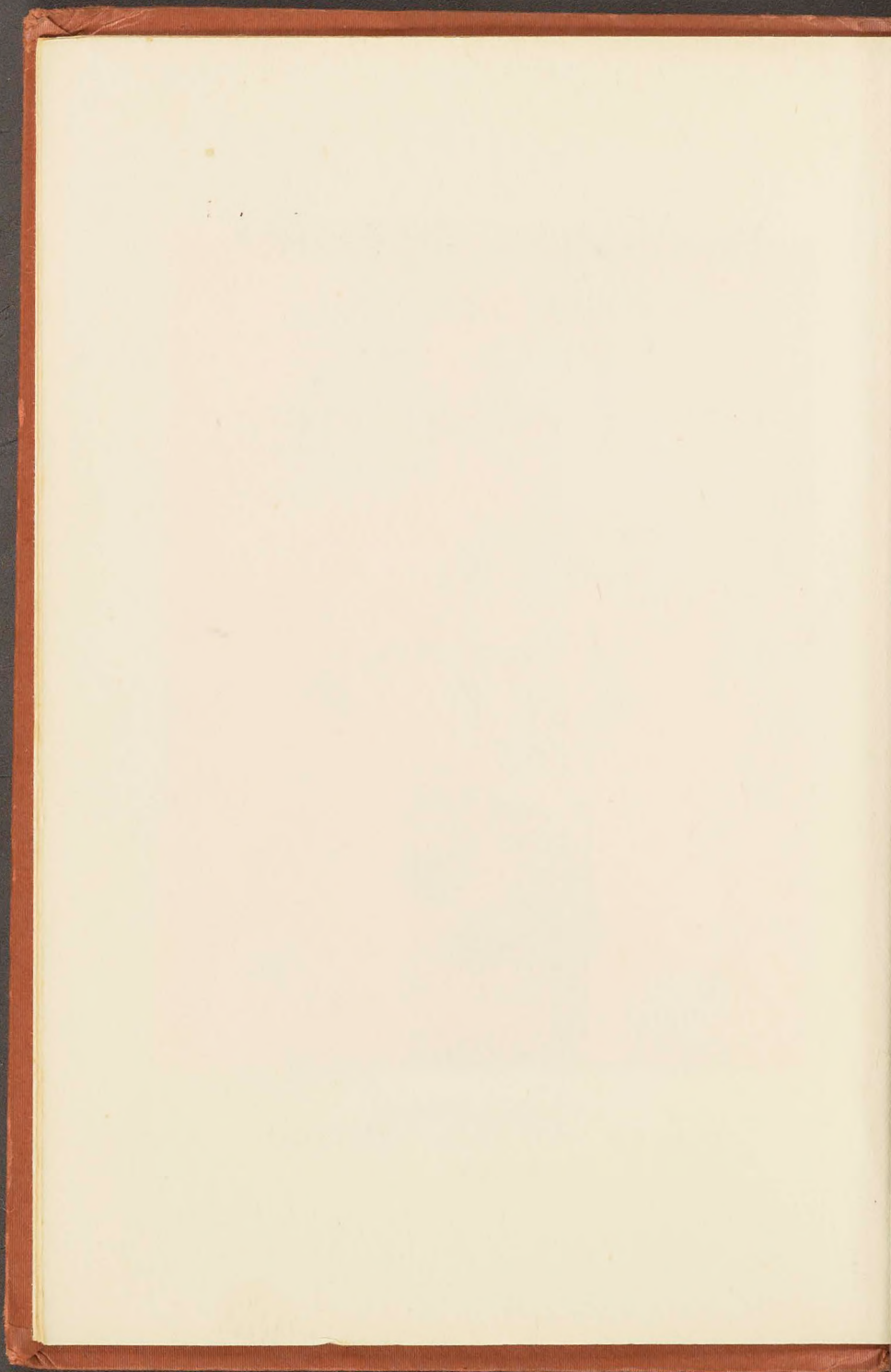
BY
VERE STENT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR J. PERCY FITZPATRICK, K.C.M.G.



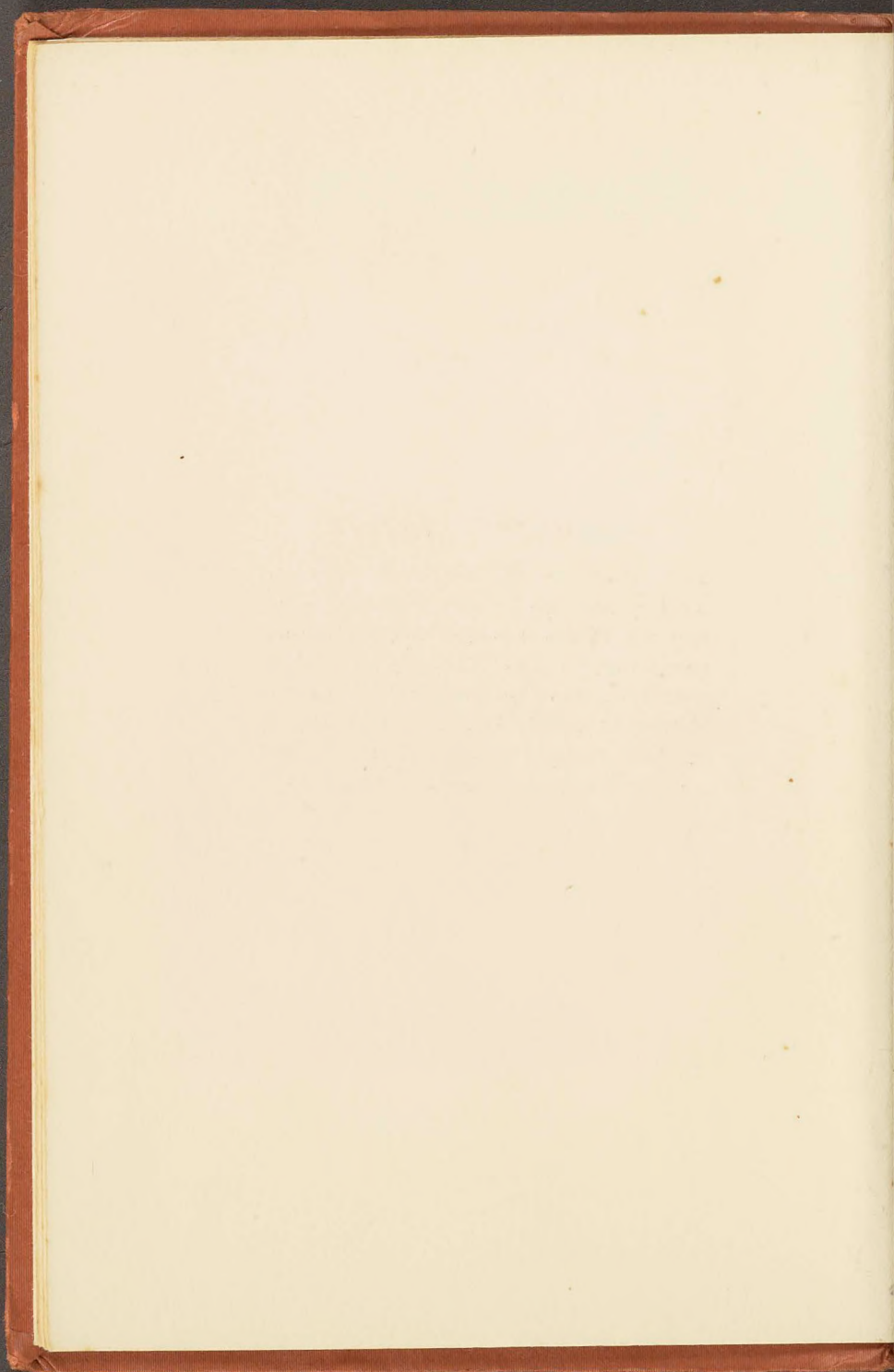
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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE substance of this book appeared some years ago in *The Pretoria News*, and was afterwards reprinted for private circulation. The Book is a unique record of some critical events in the history of South Africa, and as such it has been thought worthy of preservation in a more permanent form.

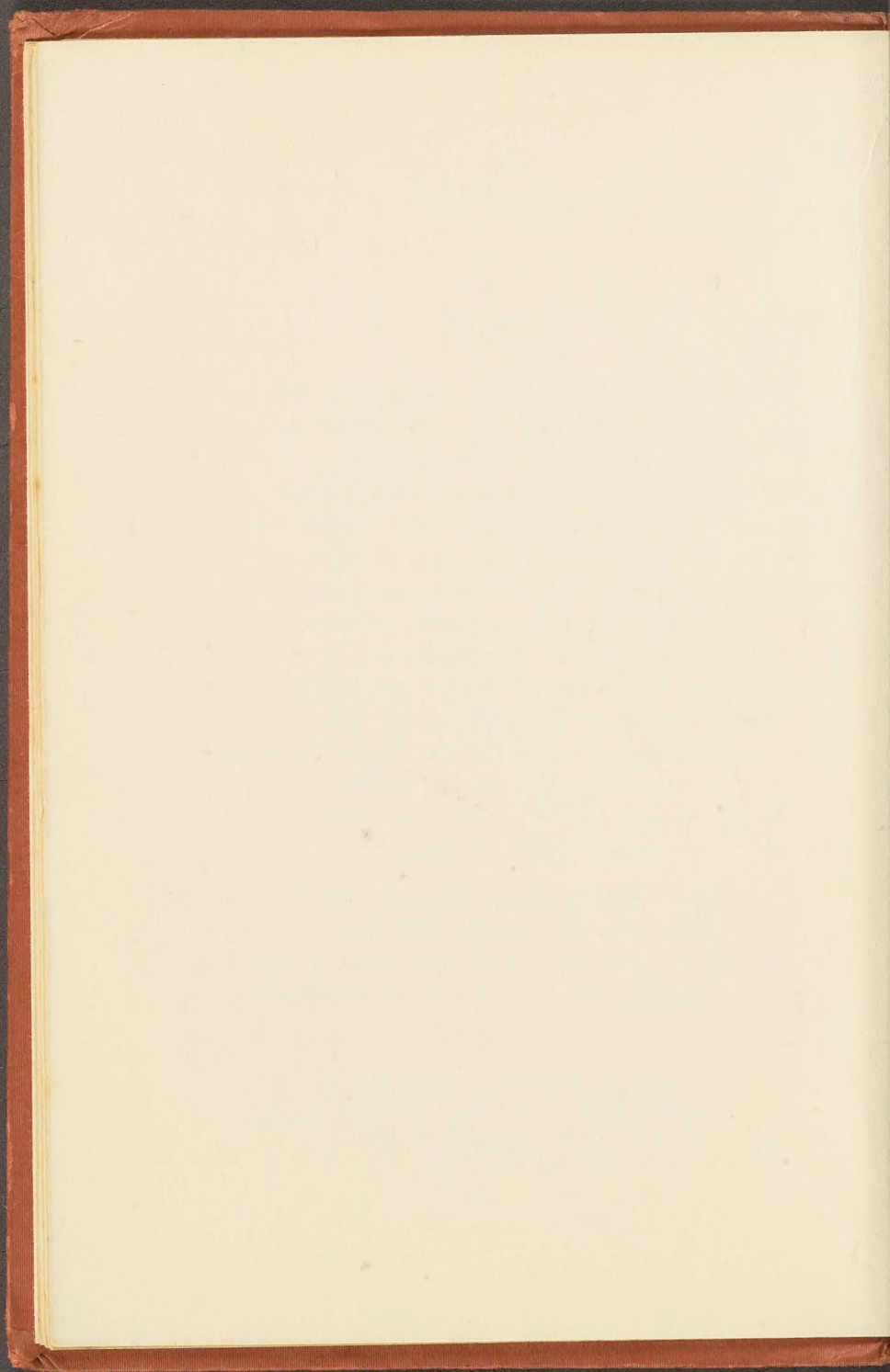


PREFACE.

I HAVE written the chapters that follow, first as a contribution, humble and unworthy of its theme, to the Rhodes bibliography. Second, because no really good account of the Great Indaba has yet been published. That written by Dr. Hans Sauer, for Mr. Weinthal's great work on the Cape to Cairo Railway, is the most accurate, but Sauer missed the romance of the occasion and its dramatic intensity. I have tried to supply these. Furthermore, the number of quaint persons claiming to have been present on that historic occasion is increasing every year. If they be not checked, the Indaba will appear to futurity to have been something in the nature of a mass meeting, though only four white men and one friendly native were present upon our side.

My sincere thanks should here be recorded to Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who wrestled with me, as a friendly sub-editor, over more than one passage, and has written so kind and appreciative an introduction.

#



INTRODUCTION.

November 1924.

MY DEAR STENT,

I am heartily glad and grateful that you have decided to put on record for a wider circle your contribution to the real Rhodes as we hope he will be known in the long years to come.

How often have we not heard the most commonplace people declare oracularly : " History will reverse the verdict of to-day and recognize the, etc., etc., etc." ? Or, recall how for four dreadful years we heard the young and inexperienced, or the old and stupid, tell us day by day and with solemn conviction : " Napoleon would have, etc., etc." With this in mind I am not going to tell you that *you* possess the judgment of history in you and that you can pronounce its verdict ; but you can do, and have done here, something much more valuable, and within the limits of actual experience and of facts you are the only living person who can do it. There is nothing of flattery in this, and no personal compliment : you and I have always been quite frank and above suspicion in that respect !

I look at it in this way, just as you do. There is in this sketch something of greater importance

and concern than you and your work ; it is Rhodes ; and it is the ardent desire of all of us that others, especially another generation, should know what manner of man was the real Rhodes. Now, if there be a single episode in his career which goes further than any other I recall to reveal him, it is the episode of the Matopos.

Think of him ! He had altered the map of the world ; he had met and dealt with many of the crowned heads and the governments of the world. One feels and knows that it was in the presence of the King—the Head of the British Empire—alone that he was conscious of a real difference in status and consciously showed deference ; otherwise he was simply not conscious of any reason for it. And *that* revealed another tremendous factor in this man-force.

He seemed to own, or to be, South Africa ; and in regard to it he was as a father acting for his children. His overlordship and his superman authority were accepted without question over a range and variety of peoples, classes and interests so vast that it might have seemed impossible of achievement. It is no exaggeration to say that at that time Rhodes held a position in the world which was unique. Personality and achievement had stamped him a marked man.

Then came the Raid, and within a few hours he was hurled from the pinnacle of prestige to be smashed and trampled in the dirt of exposure, failure and contempt. As the world saw it, he took his gruel so badly that not even his friends could find excuse ; for he ran away in the night to hide himself in the bush in

Matabililand. So they thought and said—all but a few, who had faith.

And how *did* he take it ?

Within a few days of the smash, while Rhodes was still at Groote Schuur and the whole world was staring at him and nearly all his political friends had abandoned him, and not unnaturally all the Dutch leaders had repudiated him, there came a messenger by night from Hofmeyr to assure him that whilst Rhodes's action had made further public or political co-operation impossible, Hofmeyr's personal feeling of friendship and sympathy in his trouble remained unimpaired. Rhodes jumped from his arm-chair, where he sat hunched up, and flashed out angrily : " Go back and tell him that I want friends while I'm alive. I don't want any of his post-mortem snivelling." It was neither gracious nor just ; but he was desperate, and he took it *fighting*.

Those who saw him intimately in those days were anxious and depressed by what appeared to be the crushed silence. There was no complaint, no whining, and not a word or sign of blaming anyone else after that one impulsive exclamation : " Jameson's upset the applecart." He was thinking hard, and taking time to think ; and very soon his friends knew that all was well. Recall how his public statements in those days bear this out : " We have now got to pick up the pieces " ; " My career is not ended, it's only beginning ! " Hear the fighting note—the note of contemptuous defiance—in " I know the unctuous rectitude of my countrymen " ! And, by the bye,

do you know that the reporter who took that speech, and who surely merits a statue as a model of tact, called on Rhodes, notebook in hand, and suggested that a slip had been made which would cause trouble ; " You said 'unctuous rectitude,' but I feel sure you meant 'anxious rectitude.' " But Rhodes, for once indifferent to humour, snapped out : " No, I did not. Put it down 'unctuous rectitude,' it will do them good to be told that."

All this little detail harmonizes well as a background to your Matopos sketch. He did not sulk or shirk or run away to hide in the bush of Matabililand. It was a deliberate, masterly and most courageous preparation to fight at all costs and against all odds. I said that you can do something more valuable and less foolish than pretend to express the judgment of history, and that you alone can do it. The reasons for saying that are that you were there present in person throughout it all, that you were the only press correspondent who was there and saw it or any part of it, that you were the only individual who was there *for the purpose* or with any idea of recording it, and that you did record it *at the time*.

May I, without impertinence, add a little testimony based on many years of personal experience. You *can* write and you *can* word-paint a live picture. Many whose literary equipment is beyond all question lack that little touch in skill of phrase or the sense of sympathy and imagination which raises the literal reporter or translator to the highest plane of the true interpreter.

I can see and hear Rhodes, as you have pictured it all.

Am I overdoing this? Has the subject run away with me? If so, it is not because I want to pay you any compliments, but simply because I get hot on it. I have a kind of jealous resentful feeling that, despite all that has been written about Rhodes, there is one great side of his character—in a sense his whole character—to which nothing like justice has been done. We have often talked it over. It's the human Rhodes, the man himself, that one fails to find in all the books about his work! What appeals to me is that you have done something to put this right, and that it is the important contribution which is more valuable than any attempt to forecast the judgment of history. Those who in the years to come will express that judgment will take account of this little record of yours, and of the abundant evidence which can be found to corroborate its implications. So may it truly serve a cause which those who knew him and worked with him have close at heart. You have made one realize how a great drama was played out there. One sees the man who was a master man in the world, sitting among his troopers, his faithful, and his pioneers, with failure, discredit, insolvency and the ruin of his young country staring at him; the last hope of victory and recovery gone, because in that awful tangle of kopjes each seeming victory was only a disguised defeat. He alone realised the truth that in these conditions, and with a foe so desperate and elusive, fighting could yield only Pyrrhic victories.

Then the resolution taken—alone—to stake it all on a single cast, with life itself thrown in! It was the only chance. Only the leader, the great chief, could do it. He consulted no one—could consult none; for others would have thought of him and his safety. That was barred as impairing his judgment. He must do it himself, he must do it unarmed and alone! A great drama, and grandly played out to the fall of the curtain.

You mention little incidents showing his personal relation with the pioneers, the troopers, the natives—"his people"! You mention Johnny Grimmer. He was my companion in Rhodesia, and the terms on which they "co-operated" were surely unique in the case of private secretary and official chief. Johnny was unconventional in manner, and seemingly brusque and stolid.

He was the kindest, most loyal and staunchest of men. One day I saw Rhodes get up—it was in camp—and try to do something for himself, so as to spare others. Of course he made a horrid tangle of things. Johnny got up lazily and strolled over; took the things from Rhodes with the growling comment, "Of course you made a mess of it: why couldn't you give me a call?" Rhodes dropped the tangle meekly and with no more than a grunt; but his face was a study. The look of deep amusement and affection in his eyes and the softened expression on his face spoke volumes!

His liking for one individual frequently overflamed and included others of the family. Perhaps it was

his belief in "breed." When his great friend Neville Pickering died he appointed Neville's younger brother, Willie, to be Secretary of De Beers'. That episode is one of the most remarkable in the revelation of Rhodes, and not all of it has yet been told. So with the Grimmers. When Rhodes was in Kimberley and Johnny elsewhere, he used Irving Grimmer, whom he had put in to De Beers' office, for confidential work, and the latter told me of two incidents which go well with your notes.

One morning in the Kimberley Club, where he had called in to see some one on his way to office, he noticed a young fellow enter and ask for letters. He looked ill and he lingered. What kind of insight and inspiration roused Rhodes, goodness knows: he did not know the man, but seemed to recognize the type and leaving his friends went over to talk to the lad who had dropped into a lounge to rest. Yes! the boy had been up with the Pioneers and later on had been wounded in the Rebellion. Why hadn't he stayed on in Rhodesia? What was he doing now? Then it came out that the wound had given trouble and he had to leave. He had tried easier work but had to give that up and now he was advised to go to England for treatment or he might be permanently disabled. Under pressure he had admitted that the cost of this would take all he had. Rhodes was very much upset. It was all wrong. Why hadn't he written to *him*? It couldn't be allowed at all. The lad was greatly embarrassed, and at first firmly declined assistance—stoutly maintaining that Rhodes was not

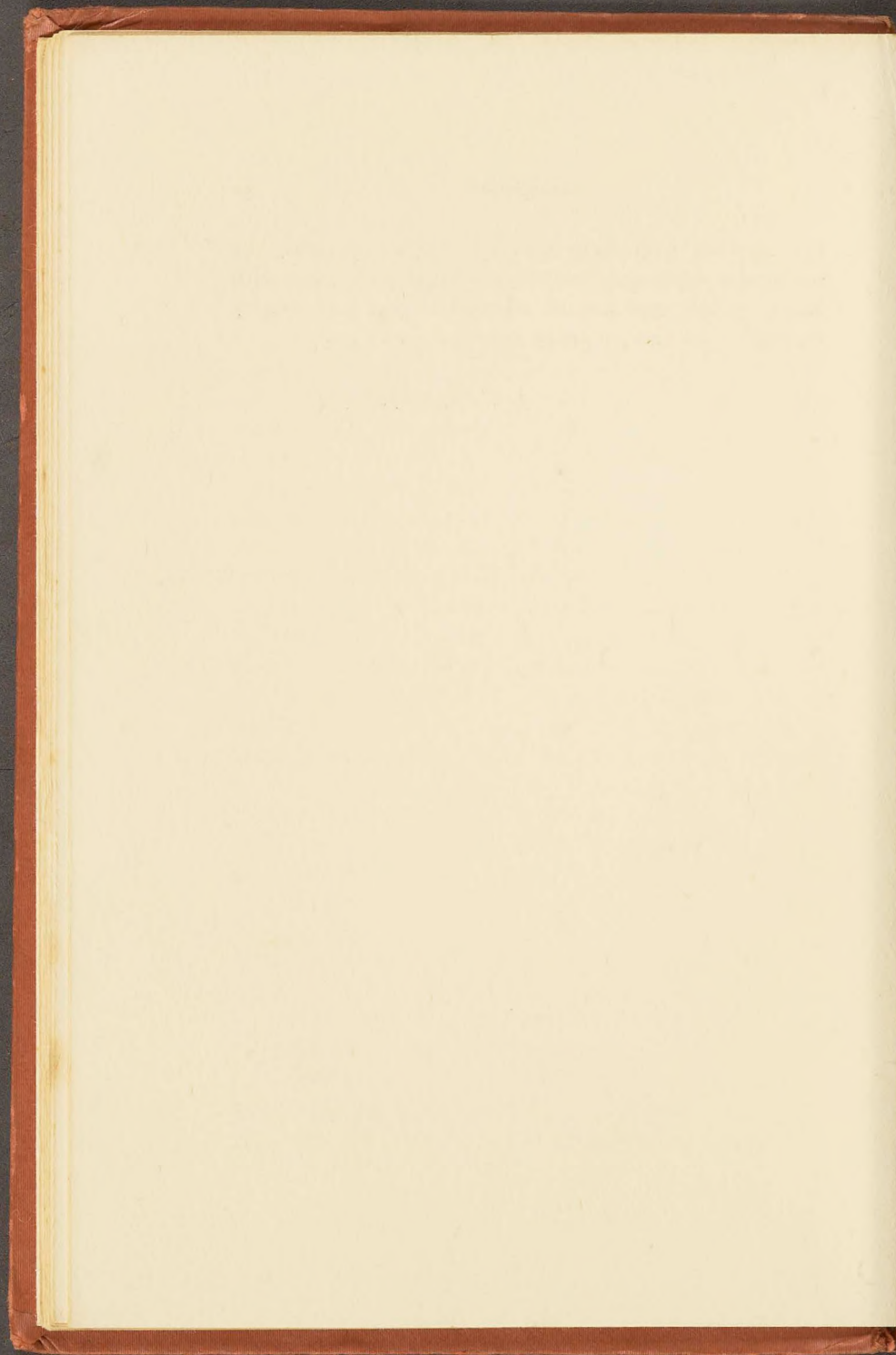
responsible, he had gone of his own free will and taken his chances and had never expected to see Rhodes and never meant to tell him. But in the end he was overborne by Rhodes' indignant protests, and was speechlessly grateful for the offer to pay for the trip and treatment—I think it was £200, and Rhodes would send the cheque to him at the Club by 1 o'clock.

When he reached De Beers' office a directors' meeting was waiting for him, but he called Irving Grimmer out. Told him briefly and unhurriedly of the incident and bade him make out a cheque and send it up at once to the Club. A few minutes later Rhodes reappeared, having left the meeting in progress and said, "No. That's not right. Its not nice for him to have to go and ask for a letter. Its like asking for the money. No, don't do that. You go up yourself and find him and give it to him. He's staying at the Club," and he switched round and went back to the meeting. Again a few minutes and he was back again. "Look here. Don't write that letter. No one would like to get a letter or a message. It will hurt his feelings. Give me the cheque. I'll go and give it to him myself." And he did !

The other incident was of the same kind. He saw a native outside the De Beers' office. The man had lost a leg and Rhodes stopped to speak to him. Questions and answers passed, until he got out the whole story of one of his loyal police who had done his duty and uncomplainingly accepted the result. For more than half an hour those who had come for

the meeting were kept waiting—forgotten—while he heard the story and fixed up his loyal policeman with horse, saddle and bridle, blankets, food and money enough to set him up again among his own people.

J. P. FITZPATRICK.



SOME INCIDENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

CECIL RHODES.

THE Kimberley Club of 1892 was the last word—or at any rate the last South African word—in comfort and in elegance. Not in luxury perhaps, for the men who used it had not then learnt to be luxurious. They had known the hardships, the difficulties, and the doubts of the early days of the Diamond Fields. Some had succeeded far beyond their dreams in gathering wealth, and others had been only moderately lucky in their speculations and activities, but the best of the Diamond Fields people, the old hands and the new, financiers, engineers, miners, diamond experts, frequented the Club, sought there refreshment after their day's work, dined, talked, lived there—a gregarious company of pleasant people, for the most part well satisfied with their outlook upon the world's affairs, content with their prospects and happy in the moment.

Into that company I, a boy of twenty, was brought by my father on one not-to-be-forgotten evening. The Club was of his design, and at that time practically his home. I myself was pursuing the strenuous life of a pupil in the Company's engineering works; and the contrast between the Club dining room and the forge at which I had been working all day was very pleasant. I have no recollection who shared our table, but just beyond me I noticed a man who instantly caught and held my whole attention—a massive man, with curious restive gestures and preoccupied expression. I knew his companions as directors and prominent officials of De Beers', the princes in Kimberley of mining and finance. They treated him with deference. They spoke more to him than he to them. They paid much more attention to what he said than he paid to what they said. He had a habit of pushing his plate away from him and leaning forward with his folded arms upon the table. Then he would suddenly unfold his arms and thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets, then into the pockets of his dinner jacket; then he would push his hair back, jerk his head in a peculiar manner, and ejaculate something in a sort of involuntary falsetto. His dress was superlatively simple; his shirt studs mother of pearl—possibly pearl; no watch ribbon, not even strap or reimpje, relieved the severity of his waistcoat. He did not listen to what his companions were saying, but every now and then a passing remark caught and held him, his eyes would lighten, a delightful smile would flash over his face, and he would join for a moment or two in the conver-

sation—for that moment the conversation would burn brightly. Then someone would contribute a trite remark. Instantly he was disintrigued, interest faded; the preoccupied look came back, the face resumed the thoughtful, distant expression.

He drank sparingly a mixture of stout and champagne, I think, and took no interest in his food. If one had asked him suddenly what course dinner had reached he would not have known without looking at the others whether the fish or the roast were being served. My father, watching me amusedly, said: "That's Rhodes."

He was approaching the zenith of his career: Chairman and Life Governor of De Beers'; Chairman of the Chartered Company; Prime Minister of the Cape Colony; millionaire, Imperialist—the greatest Englishman of the moment.

I listened indifferently to my father's conversation and strained my ears to hear what Rhodes was saying. Rhodes' party finished before us and as he went out he said to my father, "That your boy?" I stood up, flushed with pleasure and excitement. He shook hands with me. It was his habit to shake hands rather limply, as if it were a concession to popular sentiment rather than a rite to which he attached any personal importance. But, with that extraordinary memory for detail which was peculiar in a man who hated dealing with details, he said, "You are with Seymour, aren't you? stick to it!" Seymour was the chief mechanical engineer.

THE CONQUEROR.

In December, 1893, I found myself at Bulawayo, masquerading in the guise of a captain of irregular forces, and correspondent of the old *Transvaal Advertiser*. The year 1892 had seen the pioneer column occupy Salisbury, and now Bulawayo had fallen before victorious Jameson. I was not exactly *persona grata* with the authorities, for my inexperienced mind was shocked at the cruelties of the war, and I had been writing pretty plainly on the ill-usage of the natives.

On December 4th I was detailed to act as field officer of the Garrison, and I find in my scrap book a copy of my report for the day. Here is an extract :—

“I have the honour to report that I took over the duties of field officer at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd. On the morning of the 4th a detachment of the C.M.R. and 20 men, escorting Major Grey, and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, arrived at about 2 o'clock.”

Thus in the curt language of the camp, a great moment was described. I met the patrol a few hundred yards from our laager. Raleigh Grey and Rhodes were riding at the head of his small weather-beaten and travel-worn escort of Cape Mounted Rifles.

Rhodes sat his horse loosely, riding, like all Colonials, by balance rather than by grip. His clothes were rough, his hat soft and drawn tight over his forehead ; his face heavy, mobile, deep lined, thoughtful, and still a little absent in expression. Behind him the

C.M.R., their rain-rusty scabbards clanking against the flanks of their tired horses, but their eyes keen with excitement, appreciating the honour of escorting the master of Matabililand to the capital of the new Dominion which he had added to the Empire.

The rainy weather had come, and Rhodes had shared with this tiny patrol the fatigue and the discomfort of a life spent by day in the saddle and at night in the roughest sort of bivouac. He entered the laager without any particular demonstration. No one had known of his coming. It was not until some while after his arrival that the news spread, "Rhodes is here."

A day or two later he addressed the assembled troops—a ragged lot, not only weather worn, but war weary. They had polished up their weapons, and made the best of their apologies for uniforms in honour of the occasion.

Behind us rose Thaba S'Induna, the mountain of the chiefs—a monument for all time to the cruel severity of the rule of Lobengula.

There was once a conspiracy against Lobengula, during his absence upon a conquering raid. Upon his return, hearing of the conspiracy, he invited those who, according to his information, were principally concerned, to meet him on the summit of the flat-topped mountain which lies to the east of Bulawayo, promising redress of their grievances, if they had any. After hearing their complaints, and the reasons that prompted them to assemble and plot against his authority, the King ordered the members of the

opposition to be executed by knobkerries and flung over the krantz on the far side of the mountain. This wise and comprehensive measure of redress having been carried out, there were no further attempts to disturb the simple but effective Constitution of Matabililand until the Chartered Company's troops arrived.

To return to the parade. With Thaba S'Induna behind us, and the veld, sparsely dotted with trees, stretching interminably around us, with the sacred goat kraal of Bulawayo, the home of Lobengula, to the right, with the tents of the pioneers to our left, and Fairbairn's Village before us, we assembled to listen.

The town of Bulawayo had then not even been surveyed. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Rhodes appeared. As Chairman of the Chartered Company, he was master and dictator of Mashonaland and Matabililand; his troops had conquered by force of arms the vast regions reaching from the Limpopo to beyond the Line; he was the dominant figure for the moment in the Empire. In those days, as Mark Twain put it, "When he stood upon the Cape Peninsula his shadow fell beyond Zambesi." He was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony; Chairman of De Beers'; commanding their vast financial resources. But he was more than all that, for his intense personality, his determination, his vigour and his persistence, made him personal dictator of every enterprize that he set upon foot, of every institution with which he was connected—of the State of which he was Prime Minister. Yet, until you could see his face, he presented a far

from imposing appearance. His gestures were awkward, his carriage ungainly, his clothes fitted him indifferently, his hat was nondescript. Yet that hollow square of armed men hung upon every word he uttered. He spoke in jerky sentences, clasping and unclasping his hands, nervously folding his arms and diving deep again into his pockets. His speech, too, was not entirely happy. He had been angered and irritated by the persistent pettifogging interference of the Liberal Government in his schemes. That Government affected a deep consideration for the welfare of the Matabili, but sympathized more in reality with the Dutch Republics, which were then threatening the supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa.

Rhodes was an unwavering Imperialist, but when he told the assembled troops, after congratulating them upon their campaign and their victory, that "If the Imperial Government interfered the consequences would be very unpleasant indeed!" he sounded for a moment a discordant note. I heard an officer standing to my right mutter, with some sense of humour, the words, "My God, they will—for us." Our soldiers were quite prepared to tackle the Matabili again, or the Barotse, or even the Portuguese, and their admiration for and loyalty to Rhodes were unquestioned, but I noticed no particular anxiety on their part to indulge in any argument with the British Government which might have to be settled by force of arms.

It is easy to-day to forgive Rhodes this little bad-tempered outburst. Remembering the Government

in power at Westminster at the time ; remembering his angry impatience with any who stood in the way of his single-minded schemes for the expansion of the Empire, and its dominance in South Africa ; remembering all he had risked and sacrificed to save the northern territories, it is little wonder that, in a hasty moment and in a burst of self-satisfaction, engendered by a consciousness of high motives and stimulated by success, he should have indulged, not in any threat against the Empire, but in a warning to a Liberal Administration.

A few days later I came into personal contact with Rhodes. There was then uncertainty as to what had happened to Alan Wilson and his men. I persisted in endeavouring to send to my newspaper what eventually proved to be the truth—that they had been cut down to a man. Both Jameson and Rhodes clung to the forlorn hope that they had broken away to the north, and that at any rate some might still have survived. Jameson was a little short-tempered. He considered, first of all, that a youngster should not criticise his elders, and thought, secondly, that, an officer, if only an irregular, in the Chartered Company's service should show more loyalty to the Company. He could see no reason for my super-critical attitude, and he had a very forcible monosyllable, once defined by Edmund Garrett as an abbreviation of " balderdash," which, he was over fond of applying to my dispatches.

I had been summoned into what was known as the Fairbairn compound, a stockaded enclosure in the

midst of the camp, which constituted headquarters, to answer for one of my pessimistic telegrams. Rhodes was seated huddled in a rough camp chair and, noticing Jameson's irritation, held out his hand for my telegram. He read it and said: "But how do you know this?" I replied that I did not know for certain that Alan Wilson and his men were killed, but that it was common report amongst the natives. I added rather limply and nervously, that I only wanted to get at the truth. "Quite so, quite so," said Rhodes; "that is what we all want; the question is, 'What is the truth?' Now you take my advice and hold that telegram back; there is still a chance."

He took the trouble to explain to me, with considerable patience, what was known and what the position was in regard to Wilson. As a result the telegram was held up, though in the end it unfortunately proved to be the truth.

Rhodes' patient and persevering methods were amongst the most remarkable of his characteristics. He was besieged, whilst at Bulawayo, with prayers for assistance. He was begged to help prospectors, problematical farmers, miners, lawyers, doctors, land-surveyors, ministers of the Gospel—from the Jesuit father down to a rough and ready captain of the Salvation Army—the name of his petitioners was legion, and hardly one went away denied or dissatisfied. The request which hurt him most, but to which he too often acceded, was for assistance to get out of the country. How many thousands of pounds of his private fortune he generously gave to deserving and

undeserving alike, to encourage and help all prepared to make Rhodesia their home I should be afraid to guess at. Rhodesia was even then to him as her first-born to a woman, and the love of that country, which led him eventually to elect to lie amid the granite chaos of the Matopos, was already burning in his great heart.

THE PEACEMAKER.

Three years had passed, the Raid had failed. The ineffectual fires of the plutocratic revolution in Johannesburg, fanned into flame for a moment, had flickered out before the swift mobilization of Kruger's burghers. The tragedy of Doornkop had shocked the Empire. Jameson was in prison. Rhodes, bereft of his dignities, and checked in most of his activities, found work and fresh opportunity in Rhodesia, where the Matabili, incensed by the cruel administration of the Chartered Company's officials, had broken into murderous rebellion. He had faced the tornado of world's-abuse and criticism as far as he could then, and the child country called for help.

In July, 1896, a composite column, consisting of the Matabililand Relief Force, and a detachment of the Bulawayo Defence Force, under the command of Colonel—now Field Marshal—Plumer, was encamped at the Inyati Mission Station, which had been constituted a flying base from which the rebel Matabili, concentrated at Thaba S'Amamba, were to be attacked and routed out. A little to the left of the camp a

tented wagon, from which a bucksail was extended in South African fashion, was outspanned under the friendly shelter of a klompje of mimosa.

Under the bucksail, as the sun went down, sat Cecil John Rhodes, flung from his high estate ; his resignation as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony forced upon him ; his Privy Councillorship in danger ; he himself indicted to appear before a Select Committee of the House of Commons ; Rhodesia, the child of his brain, his wealth, work and enterprise, aflame from end to end with red rebellion, mutiny and murder ; his best friend and companion a prisoner awaiting trial for filibustering ; his attempt at rushing the Republics ignominiously repelled ; the so-called revolution in Johannesburg a disastrous and tragic failure ; the Transvaal struggle over, and President Kruger more dangerous than ever to the British ideal, and personally triumphant as the only other great protagonist in South Africa ; Rhodes' enemies everywhere exultant ; his real friends shocked and puzzled at the failure of a man whom they looked upon as infallible ; his time-serving sycophants and hangers-on deserting him by the hundreds ; the star of his fortune, as they thought, shattered like a riven meteor, leaving only the darkness.

Bunched upon a camp stool he sat, absorbed as ever, the winning smile and the serene self-confidence changed into a grim determination to fight his way back up the heights from which fate had flung him ; to retrieve failure ; to rise victorious once more from the ashes of disaster.

Here was a practical beginning. Plumer and his men were about to make a rush at one of the best fortified and most dangerous fastnesses of the Matabili. Up to this we had been marching at about twelve miles a day, and the rebels would not expect us for a day or two at that rate. There was to be a forced night march. We had to make twenty-five miles, foot, horse, and guns, that night, and to strike the rebels as the grey dawn broke.

Rhodes was coming with us.

Some petty slanderers had suggested that Rhodes sent his pioneers and their women and children to face dangers which he himself was careful to avoid. In all the storm of criticism, condemnation and reproof showered in those days upon the author of the Raid, nothing hurt more than this unjust sneer. Without display he joined the column to take his part in the fighting, to see for himself what it all meant, to share danger, privation and discomfort.

He had no business with the military column ; the staff were not over pleased to see him. He was a responsibility and not a fighting unit. But they understood his feelings, and their sympathy went out to the man in the hour of his travail. He had no official position ; he went merely as onlooker, a voluntary hostage, knowing that his presence would greatly encourage and hearten his own people of Rhodesia. If it had been necessary to define him he would in military language have been written down a camp follower.

In those days I was still in disgrace over the dispatches of 1893. Mr. Rhodes, when he addressed me, called me "Mr." Stent. That was bad. To be called "Mr." meant that Rhodes had little use for you. But, for all that, one's heart was with this man who was ready to risk all that was left, and there was much left, in order to be with those who were doing the great work which he had planned out for them.

Late in the afternoon the infantry moved out ahead along the road. The sun set red through the clouds of dust that fell away to leeward. The evening meal was eaten hurriedly, no bugles were used, and, as darkness settled over the veld the order "Boot and saddle" was passed from mouth to mouth.

Champing bits, dull thud of horses' hoofs, ghostly dim the squadrons filed out along the winding path. No smoking. No talking. Every precaution taken not to disturb the spies or outlying pickets of the enemy. The camp fires were left burning brightly, and the few men in charge of the laager moving about fired an occasional shot that the attention of the enemies' scouts might be confined to the camp.

Out into the bosky darkness of the South African night. A machine-gun, missing the road, rattled indecently. "Damn that gun!" said the chief of staff. "Somebody wedge the shield fast."

A burst of laughter came from somewhere down the line. An aide-de-camp, choking with indignation, rode back and spoke a few plain words to the light-hearted lads.

Rhodes' little party was somewhere midway of the column. Colonel Frank, cheery comrade and very perfect gentle knight; Johnny Grimmer, Rhodes' private secretary and most intimate and dearest friend. They too, have gone. Poor Johnny. He was responsible for the pack-horse. He and the pack horse had established bad relations before the march even began.

All through the night we rode—a stealthy band of khaki-grey intruders. An hour's halt was called at mid-night, girths were loosened, backs examined for saddle sores, and then—on! On!—towards the mountain looming indistinct before us. “The stars that over-sprinkle all the Heavens seemed to twinkle with a crystalline delight.” The small hours grew longer. Then the picket fires of the rebels lifted through the cumber of the night. Men gripped their rifles, loosened a round or two in their bandoliers, and peered grimly and steadfastly out into the murk. Now the column broke—some to outflank the position; others to move into the heart of the enemy's fastnesses. Scouts were thrown out—flanking parties.

A curious mistake occurred. Rhodes and his friends followed a flanking force under the command of Major Drury, and I followed him. It was three in the morning when we reached our appointed station, a grove of M'pani bush. We loosened girths and bits, ringed horses, and each man lay down a yard or two from his mount.

Plumer meant to attack the main body at daybreak, but who was to say the rebels would not rush us at

any moment? We were few and isolated. What was to prevent the Matabili, pressed by Plumer on the other side of the hill, evacuating their position and annihilating us as they retreated, taking us in their stride, as it were? Plumer's victory would be great, but we should not share the glory—at any rate, in this world.

On occasions of this sort I always took a personal interest in the safety of the camp, and I walked round the few sentries we could afford to throw out.

Returning alone I crossed the open centre of the horse ring and stumbled over some one lying asleep amidst the roots of a tree. My clumsiness elicited protest; the protest broke into falsetto, and revealed—Cecil John Rhodes! For bedding he had a short ridiculous overcoat, reaching hardly to his knees. Remember, it was July, mid-winter on the plateau of Matabililand. His homely hat was standing him in good stead that night, for he was sleeping in it, using as pillow an inverted saddle. He had no blanket, and in reply to my offer of a little brandy, for he was shivering, accepted it, explaining, without a word of reproach, that "Johnny" had lost the pack horse.

Grey dawn found us standing to our horses. In front of us a crop of isolated granite kopjes which formed the object of Plumer's attack. Clear upon the cool wind of the morning, the wind that wakes, came the crack! crack! of Martinis, answering the dull heavy explosions of the old elephant guns which the Matabili carried.

The fight had commenced. The enemy had been taken by surprise. Plumer was well inside the pickets before he was discovered.

We moved forward with our machine-gun, in open order. A bullet or two whistled overhead as the scouts drove some cattle guards from their duty about the kraals. Out of the hills the retreating Mashonas—Mashonas invariably lead the retreat—came streaming across our front. The machine-gun spat viciously at them as they ran. Among the hills the musketry began to bubble incessantly. The dawn glowed red. The thud of mountain guns echoed amongst the granite boulders. The sun rose, searching and unwelcome to the enemy. The Matabili were making a stand in a central kopje—a nasty one to tackle. Suddenly, just in front of us, a few men that looked like a picket fired on us and bolted. The squadron trailed after them in pursuit. One man drew out ahead, in spite of warnings and expostulations. I spurred to see. It was Rhodes himself, riding unarmed, switch in hand, leading the hunt.

The fighting, as far as we were concerned, was a poor business, and Rhodes felt it. An aide-de-camp arrived from Plumer with instructions that we were to close in and punish the enemy as he endeavoured to escape. Rhodes enquired as to the progress of the fight, and was told that an attack was about to be made upon the “keep,” as it were, of the fastness. Nothing would content him but that we should take part in it. So, leaving our flanking party, with De

Moleyns as our guide, we rode to witness the final assault.

Two to three miles distant Plumer was assembling his forces to rush the dominating kopje in the centre of the outcrop from which a heavy fire was checking the advance of our men. Plumer had the general's instinct. He sensed the intentions of the enemy. It was the last stand. The flankers were ordered to close in that the victory might be complete when the final blow was struck. He only waited the return of De Moleyns to order the final swarm advance.

The nest of kopjes was reticulated with by-paths, and we made the best of our way along a track leading, as we supposed, to the headquarter staff. There was no mistaking the outstanding kopje. At a certain point the approach became rugged, and all the party, with the exception of myself, left their horses in charge of a couple of irregulars. It was important to me that I should have a horse handy in case anything happened to Rhodes, so I and my rough-footed Basuto pony fell to the rear, not to interrupt the walkers.

A few minutes later we came to an exceedingly difficult and rocky outcrop of the reef, and at last I found it necessary to dismount. From the reef the path crossed an open piece of fallow to the foot of the kopje. We had no sooner debouched into the valley than we were startled by a rapid fire opened upon us by a party of the enemy, halfway up the boulder-strewn stronghold. There was only one thing to do. An overhanging rock at the foot of the kopje offered temporary protection, and we dashed under it.

But it was obvious we could not remain there long. As far as we could see we were alone. Everyone talked at once, putting forth suggestions, criticising the unhappy De Moleyns. A certain amount of confusion existed. Rhodes said, "Don't get excited; we must put on our considering caps and see what is best to be done." Colonel Rhodes was distinctly pessimistic. He said to me, in an undertone: "*He will* go poking his nose into everything that's going; now we're in a damn nasty corner."

Just then De Moleyns, who had been observing things in the open, announced rather irritably that there was no time for considering caps, as the enemy were making their way down the kopje, and our only hope was to get back the way we came, without delay.

We made another dash across the fallow to reach the cover of the far side of the reef, over the face of which we had descended. It was an undignified sort of scramble. Rhodes was not armed at all, nor was Father Bartholomew, who was one of the party. Frank Rhodes, De Moleyns and I had revolvers, but they were useless at the range. We had a couple of Cape Police with us with rifles, who replied to the enemy's fire, and probably did a great deal to prevent its being effectual. As we crossed the fallow Rhodes would insist upon seeing that every one was together. He was walking just to my right hand when a shot from high above us struck the ground at our feet. I could not believe for a moment that it had missed both of us. I saw Rhodes jerk his left arm, as though he had been hit.

"You hit, sir?"

"No, no. Keep on! Get on!"

The next thing I knew was that he was politely suggesting that I should go first up the rough path that led to safety. I was leading my horse, with the reins over my arm, and, of course, had to bring up the rear.

To be candid, the position did not appeal to me.

I had a camera with me, a clumsy sort of instrument, holding a hundred films, but with luck and a bright light I had obtained some very satisfactory pictures from it. I took three or four negatives during the proceedings, and once we were safe under cover rejoiced thereat. I said to De Moleyns "By Gad, I must have one or two very fine snapshots." De Moleyns was the essence of politeness. He said, "I am sure I hope so; only you have got the cap over your lens, you know." The wretched thing had a lens cap to lessen the probability of light leakage. I had forgotten to remove it!

A few minutes later we discovered Plumer and his staff and were received with sighs of relief. I suggested to Frank Rhodes that it might be as well to represent our appearance on the wrong side of the enemy as a gallant attempt to take him in the rear. He was still irritable. He said, "Don't play the damn fool; its nothing to laugh at; suppose Cecil had been hit?" Ah, indeed; suppose Cecil had been hit!

The kopje was finally stormed with great success, and after a whole day's fighting we drew off on to the flank of the position with something like 10,000 head

of cattle as loot, and a large number of men, women, and children as prisoners.

At sundown a sad little procession set out, carrying eighteen dead. Eighteen white men; good men; men of courage. It cut Rhodes to the heart. Eighteen white men in a country that needed white men so badly. Soldiers of fortune, if you will; having their faults; no plaster saints; eighteen men of the legion that never was listed; not too overburdened with human considerations; they asked for no quarter; they probably would have given none. But they were the men that Rhodesia wanted to smooth her rugged ways; to break her in. Their lives were the price of victory and the price was heavy.

One does not carry coffins on a flying patrol. We had no winding sheets, and martial cloaks were far too valuable to be used as burial shrouds. We fastened them up as best we could in the still bleeding hides of the oxen we had killed for food; and pinned the hides together with long thorns. The ground was stony. We could dig at best but shallow graves.

As the procession passed through to the burial place one of the bodies, carelessly fastened in its skin shroud, fell to the ground. Rhodes and Plumer were walking together behind it. I caught sight of the shocked and pained expression upon Rhodes' face. This rough and hurried burial of the men who had given their lives for Rhodesia brought home to him, as nothing else could have done, the meaning of war—the cruel bloodiness of war.

No pomp and panoply ; no muffled drum ; just a hurried hustling away of the dead ; and a rough-cast cairn for remembrance and protection.

There had been a good many natives killed too. But the death of the rebels who had murdered white women and children did not come home to us as the death of these eighteen of our own kind and colour.

There was something indecent and yet there was something inspiring and wonderful about that burial. The red flicker of the camp fires ; the curious shadows ; Father Bartholomew's few simple prayers, and, after all, the Last Post ! Lights out !

We walked back to the camp. Rhodes sat over a fire, his shoulders again hunched up. He was not restless. He was thinking ; gazing into the coals—the little flickering flames—silent.

It was then that there came to him the idea of meeting the Matabili themselves, learning what they fought for, and trying to bring about Peace.

Morning broke ; the ringing challenge of bugles sounding the "Rouse" ; flooding sunlight ; the lowing of loot ; winter haze over the veld ; the silver-grey smoke of breakfast fires rising to high heaven ; the women and children and prisoners stirring nervously and uneasily.

There was no hurry and no fear that the Matabili would rally to the counter-attack. So we breakfasted comfortably off steak grilled upon zimboti coals.

"Horses in ! horses in ! Boot and saddle !" Then the long column went slowly homewards. It was an extraordinary spectacle. First the screen of scouts,

riding in careless mood, very different from the keen alertness that had marked their movements the night of the advance. Then a great mob of cattle—ten thousand head they said; they seemed to cover the veld for miles. They suggested gigantic locusts, and they were not in a hurry. They were by way of taking breakfast as they went along. Then, tramping in rough formation, the prisoners and the women and children.

Nobody quite knew what we were going to do with the latter, but it seemed necessary to remove them from the mountain and locate them somewhere in the open.

Then our ambulances—such as they were—improvised, for the most part—and the main body.

Rhodes was riding well ahead in a particularly thoughtful mood, and as I passed him called to me and began to talk. Not of the Matabili, not of Rhodesia; but—for it lay heavy on his mind—of Transvaal.

He said, "What do they think of me in the Transvaal?"

I said, "They hate you pretty badly."

"I suppose they are afraid. Well, they have no need to be; they had the best of the last business."

We discussed Paul Kruger. He said, "Kruger is a strong personality; predominant in a dominant race. That is the trouble. The Dutch and English are both dominant races. There is always trouble when two dominant races have to live side by side."

Talking, as we rode, he spoke of the Raid, and the abortive rebellion ; and said of Kruger, " He stands out to-day the strong man of South Africa. Nothing could be cleverer or more astute than the way in which he has handled the situation. He has beaten us all handsomely."

Then, with that peculiar enigmatic smile that used to break suddenly over his face when he saw light in dark places, he said, with the little falsetto catch in his voice that was so characteristic, " He has won the first rubber."

I looked at him quickly and we rode for a moment in silence. Then he said, " How long do you give him ? "

" Kruger ? "

" Yes."

" Three years."

" You're wrong, you're quite wrong. The ring-leaders have been pledged to remain out of politics longer than that."

" Not as I read the conditions."

" Kruger has won the first rubber. When do you think play will begin again ? " (He had a way of repeatedly asking the same question exactly as it was his habit to emphasize repeatedly a simple statement.)

" In three years."

" No, no, you're wrong. Kruger will not fight—at any rate he will not fight for at least ten years. He is no fool. What do they think of me in Transvaal ? " (The repetition again.)

“ They’re afraid of you.”

“ They don’t know me, but they’re afraid of me.”

I should have liked to have telegraphed the little dialogue to my newspaper.

What a dramatic picture it was—this great millionaire, and much more than millionaire—this quondam dictator ; this politician ; defeated and, in many eyes, disgraced ; riding amongst his own soldiers—for they were his own soldiers—thinking, pondering, planning, plotting ; not for his own aggrandisement but to further the Imperial ends to which he eventually sacrificed his life.

Out of the depths rose, strong and firm, the determination to succeed again.

We camped that afternoon, and an incident occurred which lights up Rhodes’ character.

I found amongst the prisoners a group of lads of from fourteen to fifteen years old. There were no men prisoners. These lads were fastened together by strips of hide drawn round their wrists so tightly as to stop the flow of blood and, in some instances, to cause bleeding. It seemed to me an inhuman thing to treat with unnecessary cruelty those who were really children. I expostulated, and an offensive Yankee fellow—I forget his name, it is not really worth recording anyhow—threatened me with arrest and punishment and various vague penalties if I dared to interfere.

He said, “ You seem to have considerable sympathy with these people.”

I replied that we were not making war upon children, and walked off, with the intention of finding either Plumer or some staff officer to whom I could appeal.

It was no good appealing to the Rhodesians. Their relations with the natives had been embittered by the cruelties that were practised upon their women during the rebellion.

It appears that somebody—expecting thereby to acquire merit in his eyes—ran off to Rhodes to tell him that I should probably “work off some scandal” about the way in which these boys were being treated and to suggest that my telegrams should be carefully censored. Rhodes got up at once, and, rather to the astonishment of his informant, made his way to where the boys were tied up and ordered them to be loosened. “You must not be cruel,” said he, “cruelty does no good.” He then ordered the boys to be well treated and fed, and to be sent home with a message that the white man wanted peace.

The camp was very angry. The men who had done the least fighting talked in the most bloodthirsty manner. As far as I can remember the officer that threatened me was much more prominent in charge of the prisoners than in the fighting line when they were captured. That is always the way. The really courageous and plucky man is always the most humane, the first to lift his enemy up after he had knocked him down.

But, rage though it might, the camp dare not run counter to Cecil John Rhodes, even in the days of his defeat, so the troopers shrugged their shoulders, and

the dazed and scared boys, revived by good food, and reassured, went out to carry their message of hope to the beaten and cowering Matabili.

Let me pause a moment here to say that one can have little sympathy with the natives when one reads and knows of the ghastly cruelties that were perpetrated during the rebellion.

But, there again, one class did the fighting and the other the murdering. The Matabili faced the rifles and the machine-guns; the Maholi and the Mashona killed the women and children. The military caste scorned to pound little babies up in mealie stampers, to assegai white women or to mutilate men. But they suffered as all must for the sins of their associates.

But, from the first, Rhodes showed sympathy, not with the brutalities, of course, but with that fine up-standing fighting man, the Matabili, with his Zulu blood and his clean military antecedents. He could not bring himself to regard the natives as so many white men did, and do in Rhodesia. He was wont to say, "These are children; they are cruel; so are children, sometimes. Have you never seen a child pull off a fly's wing in wanton cruelty? They are children, and we must treat them as children. The first thing you need in treating children, is sympathy."

So, out of the happenings of Thaba S'Amamba, was born Rhodes' great thought: to meet the Matabili themselves, to hear their grievances and bring the war to a finish.

THE INDABA.

The more Rhodes thought over the situation in Matabililand the more convinced he became that the war must be stopped.

But it was necessary, first of all, and he was wise to agree to it, to let the troops blood themselves a little. Both Plumer and Baden Powell were anxious to inflict more punishment upon the rebels before opening any negotiations for a cessation of hostilities. Consequently the Matopo campaign commenced.

Altogether we entered the Matopos upon four distinct occasions. Upon each occasion we were guided by Gen. Baden-Powell. Opinions vary as to the military abilities of that much-discussed officer. I can only say that I met him first upon the banks of the Pra in Ashanti, in 1895, that I served with him in Matabililand and in Mafeking; that he was not only a man of great personal courage, combined with discretion, but a general officer of extraordinary ability, and a scout who, as far as I know, seldom failed.

Bulawayo swarmed with would-be scouts. They paraded the town in sombreros, revolver upon each hip, wristlets crammed with revolver cartridges, open shirts, an appearance of piratic daring that would have done credit to a modern bioscope, but they never scouted anything; they never had the slightest notion where the enemy were; and if they were not lacking in courage, they were perfectly useless to the Intelligence Department. Baden-Powell planned the

Matopo campaign. Col. Plumer carried it out. Night after night Baden-Powell spent in the hills. It was not bluff; it was not brag; he was very quiet about it. But every time we went out he led us to where he had located the lurking impi of the Matabili. And, every time, we found the impi where we expected it—or upon occasion, the impi found us. He had an extraordinary instinct of country and a better knowledge of the signs of the veld than the natives themselves.

Equally interesting in character was Col. Plumer. He wore an eyeglass and had a receding chin that gave him the appearance of the comic subaltern of the illustrated newspapers. He spoke very quietly and never used bad language by any chance. But he was one of the keenest and most capable tacticians in the British Army, and inspired his men with extraordinary confidence. (This was written before the outbreak of the European War.)

This combination, with 1,800 men, two mountain and four machine-guns, penetrated the hills four times, and each time was technically successful. That is to say, that each stronghold attacked was successfully carried. But the losses were heavy upon our side, and since we could not keep the strongholds we captured we were no further at the end of the campaign than when we started.

We may or may not have inflicted heavy losses on the Matabili, but they certainly left no dead behind them, and we had nothing to guide us as to how far they had been punished. Our own death roll, which

amounted to nearly one hundred killed in the four engagements, was much too heavy to be comfortable, and the military men will forgive me when I say that it was not without a sense of relief that we learnt that Gen. Carrington had decided that Rhodes was now to be given an opportunity to try and finish the war in *his* way.

The Matopos was an almost impossible proposition from the military point of view. One could have lost an Army Corps in it. One could have swept it from end to end with infantry and small guns, and then it would have offered as safe a shelter and as fine a protection as ever to any remaining in arms against us.

The position was serious as regards foodstuffs. We had little or nothing in the way of food depots at Bulawayo; we were really feeding the whole country from a base 600 miles away. Our line of communication was practically undefended, and if the Matabili had known it they could have cut it at any moment and famine would have been added to our difficulties.

Curiously enough, they left the south roads open, in the hope that the white people would avail themselves of that channel of escape; an instance of topsyturvy native tactics.

There was also the financial position to be considered. Millions are easily expended in time of war, and the Chartered Company had no millions to spare. There were settlers to be compensated and vast sums needed to repatriate them once peace was brought about. If its resources were to be dissipated in any further

fighting the Chartered Company looked like being in a bad way. Finally, there was the human aspect—men being killed daily—valuable lives thrown away. Rhodes was faced with a terrible crisis; more serious, more nerve-racking and difficult than anyone imagined at the time, or can realise now, without going closely into the facts.

What was to be done ?

At any cost the war must be ended.

Rhodes took counsel with John Grootboom, a well known and trusted native adviser of Col. Colenbrander, and one fine morning the armed forces of the Company drew off and left a little camp under the shadow of a tiny fort, open to attack from every side and close enough to the hills to come into easy touch with the enemy.

I elected to remain near the fort, having instinctively an idea that something important was going to happen. It seemed clear that there would be no fighting with Plumer's column, as it was withdrawing, and, if anything were done towards the making of peace, if anything were to happen, it must be where Rhodes was.

Just after lunch one morning in August, a native commissioner, a couple of Irregulars and I were playing "tickey nap" under the shadow of a thorn tree. Hans Sauer, a brother of the late Minister for Native Affairs, peered into our rough shelter and asked me to speak to him. He said, "Look here, Rhodes is going into the hills to meet the natives. The Council of the Chiefs has assembled, and an indaba is to be held. Would you care to go with him ?"

I saw the possibilities of "copy" in an instant.

"Of course," said I, "I will come at once."

The card party was rudely disturbed. No time was lost in saddling up. In the meanwhile I walked across to Rhodes' camp and found him striding up and down excitedly. He stopped when he saw me and put a pertinent and pointed question. "Do you *want* to come?" he said. I hesitated for a moment. "I don't know that I *want* to come," I replied. "Heaven knows what is going to happen. But if you go, I go. I could not miss a chance like this."

He looked at me dubiously. "Do you think it dangerous?" he said.

"Piet Retief," I reminded him.

"Ah, well," he said, "we must risk it. I believe they mean well, only one never knows what this 'Mlimo chap may have put into their heads.

We set out—a tiny party. John Grootboom on foot, Hans Sauer, Colenbrander, Rhodes, myself. It was a lovely winter's day, the sun just beginning to western; comfortably hot; the grasses, bronze and golden, swaying in the slight wind; the hills ahead of us blurred in the quivering mirage of early afternoon. We talked very little. Must I confess it?—we were all a little nervous. Perhaps we all thought of Piet Retief.

We had entered the hills and were nearing a narrow cañon, where a rough track, commanded by a towering bluff upon one side, was bordered by a deep wooded valley upon the other. The track debouched into a

tiny basin, rimmed by kopjes and floored by fallow. In the centre of the fallow lay some tree stumps and the remnants of a big ant-heap.

Under the direction of Grootboom we made for this spot. It had the advantage of having a certain amount of open ground all round it, and, though it offered no real security, it seemed more comfortable than bush or long grass, which might conceal an ambush.

As we passed the poort a number of natives appeared upon the bluff behind us, and we realised that, for good or evil, the die was cast ; our retreat was cut off !

Hans Sauer had some sort of a patent American repeating pistol with him. He suddenly said, quite thoughtfully, "By the way, how does this thing work ?" and slipped his hand into his pocket. We were all pretty jumpy, and it seemed to me quite undesirable that Sauer should "monkey" with an American gun at that moment.

I said, "For goodness' sake let that thing alone."

I always admired the way in which he rounded on me.

"Steady," he said, "don't show any signs of nervousness."

My indignation nearly choked me.

When we got to the ant-heap Grootboom called a halt, and the question arose as to whether we should dismount or not. I was frankly for remaining on horseback until we saw how things were going. Sauer and Colenbrander looked at Rhodes.

He settled the matter.

"Dismount," he said, "dismount of course. It will give them confidence. They are nervous, too. How do they know that we have not an ambush ready for them behind the hill?"

We dismounted.

As a matter of fact, if they had meant to murder us, our last hope was gone when they closed the pass behind us. Mounted or dismounted we were in their hands. So we hitched our horses to the fallen tree trunks—and waited.

We carried no white flag. Rhodes insisted upon this.

He said, "We are meeting them at their request. They must show the white flag." A second or two later they did. The folds of a great stretch of calico showed dead white against the evergreen shrubs that fringed the granite kopjes.

There was no mistaking the flag. It must have been five or six feet square. Grootboom saw it first, and pointed it out to Rhodes. At the same time a number of dark forms could be seen gathering round it.

Slowly a little procession formed, headed by the flag, and came towards us.

The wonderful smile broke out over Rhodes' face as he said, "Yes, yes, there they are. This is one of those moments in life that make it worth living! Here they come!"

If I were to say that our hearts did not beat, I should not be telling the truth.

Rhodes was the calmest man of the five. And, after him, the most placid was John Grootboom.

But then Grootboom understood the natives and knew they meant peace, and not war. We were not quite so certain. Colenbrander, for instance, was distinctly doubtful as to the view they might take of his attitude in assisting the Chartered Company instead of the Matabili, for the Matabili reckoned him one of themselves, and held him in high honour and great affection, trusting him as natives do trust the white man who has won their confidence.

When the procession arrived, the bearer of the white flag thrust the butt of the sapling, to which it was fastened, deep into the fallow ground of the old mealie field. He seemed to look upon it as some sort of fetish. While it waved he thought his chiefs could come to no harm. There was silence for a moment as some twenty to thirty natives gathered round in the customary semi-circle—the chiefs in the centre.

Rhodes spoke first, prompted by Colenbrander, who said, “Mehle 'mhlopi” (the eyes are white).

It was a peace greeting.

There was an answering chorus, “Mehle 'mhlopi, 'nkoos, 'nyamazane” (“The eyes are white, oh chief, oh great hunter.”)

Rhodes spoke again, Colenbrander interpreting.

“Is it peace?”

Somabulane, spokesman of the council, replied; “It is peace, my father. But we would speak with you.”

“Speak, then,” said Rhodes. We heard a wonderful oration.

The secret of the Zulu language is its alliterative concordance. Grammar is not particularly important—though men like Lobengulu himself were very nice in their choice of affixes and suffixes—euphony is everything.

The tableau was as unique as it was dramatic.

The four white men, seated upon the remains of the ant-heap, dominated the foreground. Rhodes—the central figure. To his left, Colenbrander, interpreting and advising. To his right, Sauer and myself, spectators, silent.

Below us, the demilune of natives, in the centre of which sat the high chiefs—the commoners squatted upon their haunches. Most of them were mat-bearers and attendants upon the five or six important indunas who took part in the discussion.

On being called upon to address us, Somabulane, still squatting in the primitive manner of the old Zulu, was delivered of a most eloquent appeal. He began with the story of the Amandabili. How, many years ago, when he, Somabulane, was a young warrior, the impis of Umziligaze, the Drinker of Blood, had been sent forth by Chaka, the relentless, to raid and to conquer; how they had conquered, fighting and marching through many months; how at last, weary of blood and war, the victorious warriors had turned their eyes homeward to Zululand, to bring to their great chief thousands of head of cattle, hundreds of young maidens and boys, the loot of the lesser tribes. Then news came to Umziligaze that Dingaan, fearing his power and popularity, was plotting his death, and

the murder of his chief indunas. So the Drinker of Blood turned his face northwards and once more his wearied impis took the long trail.

It was a fascinating story and took time in the telling, but it would never have done to hurry the speaker or bring him, in too parliamentary a fashion, to the point. We listened to the tale of how the impis of the Blood Drinker were flung backward from the slopes of the "Mountain of the Night," where old Mosheshoe reigned with his Basutos; of how the Boers drove them headlong through Commando Nek, and the wandering desert tribes of the Mangwato and the Batlapin harassed and harried them as, fighting, raiding, retreating, advancing, they beat their way, inch by inch, through the Mangwe pass, over the Nek, into the great green cattle-thronged plateau of Matabililand.

He spat with contempt as he spoke of the Mashona and the Maholi, and of how easily they were made to "get up and let us sit down." He told us of the establishment of old Gebulawayo, and of the hope of the Amandabili that at last they had won for themselves a home where they might grow fat and prosperous and live in peace amongst their herds, their women and their children.

But it was not to be. The Mashonas, it appears, were thieves, sneaking cattle thieves, who never dared come out into the open and face the great Zulu horde as it advanced across the plains. The Maholi, who should have been the workers in iron, and the miners, revolted, and, like the dogs they were, gave trouble,

so that the young men had to be gathered in military kraals and taught the arts that their fathers had hoped to forget in long years of peace.

The Barotse infringed upon the frontiers and had to be warned that only the Zambesi limited the lands of the northern conqueror.

Lobengulu, Prince "Driven by the Wind," came to the throne of his father. The Barotse were taught respect for the children of the Great House of Kumalo, and, excepting occasional expeditions to hunt or punish, all was peace in the land.

But still it was not to be. The white man looked north and saw that there was gold upon the plains, which the Matabili had come to with so much blood and so many tears.

Well, King Lobengulu knew the power and strength of the white man, honoured the white queen, and desired no quarrel. So, when there came emissaries and ambassadors, begging concessions and presents of land, and rights to mine, begging upon their knees, squatting low before the great King, Lobengulu met them as a brother; killed beasts for them; extended hospitality; sent young maidens to them, and gave them half of his kingdom. (This, with a magnificent sweep of the arm, suggesting unbounded hospitality.)

So the white men came with their rifles, and they sat down in that half of the kingdom which had been given them to mine in, to take away the gold; and, when the gold was finished, to take themselves away with it.

Three short years after, the Mashonas gave trouble again. The Mashonas were Lobengulu's subjects, and the white men had no business with Mashonas, to protect them, or shield them from the King's justice. So impis had been sent to punish these Mashonas, and they had collided with the white man. And then the white man had come again with his guns that spat bullets as the heavens sometimes spit hail, and who were the naked Matabili to stand against these guns and rifles? So the white man took from the Matabili the land, as they had taken it from the Maholi and the Mashonas. And their King had been driven into exile. He had sent presents of gold, a peace offering, and the presents were taken and the peace was refused him.

We were silent for a moment. We hadn't much to say. When mention was made of that ugly incident (the theft of Lobengulu's gold by two troopers, who were eventually discovered and sentenced to 15 years, penal servitude apiece) we made no excuses. Rhodes merely signed to Somabulane to go on.

He spoke of the great fight on the Shangani, where Alan Wilson fell; of the last days of the hunted King; and then of the settlement of the land, and the appointment of native commissioners and magistrates; and his face grew dark as he told a shameful tale, and the pity of it was, some of the tale was true.

He spat again—eloquent gesture. The Maholi and the Mashona, he said, what are they? Dogs! Sneaking cattle thieves! Slaves!

"But we, the Amandabili, the sons of Kumalo, the Izulu, Children of the Stars; we are no dogs!"

"You came, you conquered. The strongest takes the land. We accepted your rule. We lived under you. But not as dogs! If we are to be dogs it is better to be dead. You can never make the Amandabili dogs. You may wipe them out"—he passed his hand rapidly over his mouth, with that curious gesture which the Zulus use to imply unutterable destruction—"you may wipe them out," he said, "but the Children of the Stars can never be dogs."

Silence again! A restless stirring amongst the natives. And from the back of the crouching group a deep-throated "Yavuma Baba!"

It was a trembling instant. The recital of their national history and what they considered to be their wrongs was stirring the natives to their very core. The moment was inflammable. The least indiscretion might precipitate a massacre. I realised this perhaps more clearly than anyone else. To my right, about two yards away, was a gentleman with an exceedingly useful-looking battle-axe. He had no business to bring it. But I did not like to take any exception to it when they first arrived, lest Sauer should consider I was "showing signs of nervousness."

As, however, the excitement waxed I became apprehensive and made up my mind that if a rush took place I would try and settle with the owner of the battle-axe first.

Of course, if our destruction had been premeditated nothing could have saved us, but we had already begun

to feel that it was not premeditated, that the chiefs earnestly and really desired peace, but not at any price. The danger of massacre lay in the rousing of their excitable feelings by argument over their wrongs.

Rhodes spoke soothingly to them. "Let them speak," he said to Colenbrander; "by whom and how were they made dogs?"

Somabulane recommended the recital. He drew a picture—a chief; a young man of standing; wealthy; loved a maiden; Inkoosikazane; wooed her; and then spoke with her father, the old chief, of lobola—the price of her beauty—the dowry; he pictured the happy wedding procession on its way to the home of the young chief; the girls dancing; the bride shy and loving; the young men marching in escort; the young chief waiting at his kraal. Upon this scene looms the sinister figure of the Native Commissioner, with his black police "fockes," pledged to do the bidding of the white man. He enquires the occasion of the festivities, and is cheerfully told; the bride is pointed out to him. He orders a halt. The party shall enjoy his hospitality for the night before proceeding. Suspecting nothing, for the day is well advanced, and in any case hardly daring to refuse the invitation, the wedding party turns aside; reaches the Native Commissioner's station, and is given refreshment.

That night the Native Commissioner sends for the maiden to his hut and exercises *le droit de seigneur*, sending a weeping woman—maid no longer—to her husband in the morning.

“Remember”—and the orator set flashing emphasis on this—“thirty cattle had passed; she was a chief’s daughter.”

He drew another picture. “I myself,” he said, “once visited Bulawayo. I came to pay my respects to the Chief Magistrate. I brought my indunas with me, and my servants. I am a chief. I am expected to travel with attendants and advisers. I came to Bulawayo early in the morning before the sun had dried the dew, and I sat down before the Court house, sending messages to the Chief Magistrate that I waited to pay my respects to him. And so I sat until the evening shadows were long.

“And then, my father” (they addressed Rhodes as Baba throughout the indaba), “I again sent to the Chief Magistrate and told him that I did not wish to hurry him in any unmannerly way; I would wait his pleasure; but my people were hungry; and when the white men visited me it was my custom to kill that they might eat.

“The answer from the Chief Magistrate, my father, was that the town was full of stray dogs; dog to dog; we might kill those and eat them if we could catch them. So I left Bulawayo that night, my father; and when next I tried to visit the Chief Magistrate it was with my impis behind me; no soft words in their mouths; but the assegai in their hands.

“Who blames me?”

He spoke of the brutality of the Zulu police, who ravished their daughters, and insulted their young men, who tweaked the beards of their chieftains and

made lewd jokes with the elder women of the Great House, who abused the law they were expected to uphold, who respected none but the Native Commissioners and officers of police, who collected taxes at the point of their assegais, and ground the people in tyranny and oppression.

Rhodes caught the point of the native police quickly. They had been far from a success. Turbulent and lawless in their treatment of their fellow-natives during peace, many of them had joined the rebels when war came, and used their skill against their old masters. They were drawn from the lowest class of natives in the country, and as the officials had no way of checking their stories they exercised a baneful and most powerful influence over the administration.

"Tell them," said Mr. Rhodes, "that the native police shall go. I will promise them that. There will be no more native police."

There was a deep chorus of applause, guttural exclamations of "Ea bongo" (the Zulu word of praise and thanks).

Another chief spoke. "What we hear about the police is good," he said. "But what of Colonel X—."

They used abusive epithets about this official. He had managed somehow to anger and insult nearly every one of the chiefs. A person of minor importance sitting at the back said, "Let him keep a canteen on the Transvaal side of the river; that's about what he's fit for."

We dropped the discussion. There was no particular reason for getting into trouble over X—.

There was a little pause. The case against the settlers and the Chartered Company's officials seemed pretty black, if one-tenth of the stories that we heard were true.

Somabulane's statement was *ex parte*. But we had an uneasy feeling that at any rate some of it was true; that shocking things *had* been done; that the Native Commissioners had *not* been the friends of the people, but their unsympathetic overlords—tyrannical and unjust; that the police had been brutal. It would do no good to labour at greater length the catalogue of crimes alleged by Somabulane to have been committed against his people by the white men. They may have constituted a reason for the rebellion, but they constituted no excuse for the torture of little children or the murder of women. They could not justify the horror of the Filabusi Valley, where the Cunningham girls were done to death, or the hunting of peaceful settlers as vermin. Whatever cruelties the settlers were guilty of, the Matabili had taken a deep and bloody vengeance. The skies were still red with the flames of the settlers' houses and the smoke, from the ruined homesteads rose to heaven in outcry against the cruel excess of the bloodthirsty mutineers.

It is no wonder that Rhodes was a little impatient, that with a gesture he swept the historian aside. "Tell them," he said, "I have listened to all that; that is past and done with. Such things will not

happen again. What I want to know now is, Is it peace? Are the eyes white?"

Somabulane took a reed in his hand which he had carried with him, and flung it down with a gesture of complete submission and surrender.

"There," he said, "is my assegai. There is my rifle."

It occurred to me that symbolism was all very well, but the reed was neither an assegai nor a rifle. I was about to point this out when Colenbrander checked me with a warning gesture. He probably thought I was not likely to contribute anything helpful to the debate; *facetiae* would not have been appropriate.

Rhodes took it quite literally. He sighed with relief, and the smile broke over his face. "That is good," he said. "Tell the chief I accept his word. He will send in his arms."

Somabulane nodded, but he had not finished.

"I fear, my father, that you will leave us. How do we know that when you have gone back over the sea we shall not be treated again as we were before?"

It was rather a poser. Rhodes promised to remain with them to carry out the settlement and to see the administration reorganized. He indeed assumed an authority which he had not got, but it would have been little use trying to explain to these simple and direct-thinking savages what was meant by resignation. The only time their own officials ever resigned was when they were either knob-kerried by order of the king or assassinated by some subordinate. They knew Rhodes only as a great chief of the white men

who had come to Matabililand. They knew that he—"the Bull that separates the Fighting Bulls," as they called him—was the strong man who had said to King Driven by the Wind in spite of all his impis, his magic and his cruel power, "Get up and let me sit down." They knew that Lobengulu Kumalo had got up precipitately and Rhodes had sat down. Clearly therefore Rhodes was the only man who could help them.

So they took his personal pledges and, although one was not able to say so in as many words at the time, the political situation being difficult, it was upon Rhodes' personal assurances, and his personal assurances only, that peace was come at.

The natives seemed to be having it a little bit too much their own way. Somabulane, clever advocate that he was, was putting us in the wrong. We were not accepting a surrender. It began very much to look as if we were making terms. That would not have done.

So Rhodes spoke again. "Ask them," he said, "how they came to murder women and children? They fought for their independence; they fought for their country; they rebelled against what they believed to be injustice. Well, I have no great quarrel with them for that. They have been beaten. Now they come to surrender. But, why did they kill women and children? That was not right; that was not the work of brave men; that was the work of dogs."

An excited babel instantly broke forth. Angry gestures; disgust, only calmed by an imperative order

from the chiefs. We were on dangerous ground again. I once more carefully located the ancient with the battle-axe.

Somabulane replied, "I will answer you." And he answered, as natives do, by asking another question, "Who commenced the killing of women? Did not your tax-collectors, collecting the Company's cattle, shoot four women in cold blood when there was peace, because the women would not tell them where the cattle were hidden?"

Dead silence.

It was getting on towards evening. The winter wind rustled through the scant scrub, and a dust devil whirled across the fallow. It was another tense moment. The natives, especially the younger men, upon the outside of the demi-lune, cast ugly and malignant glances at us. I can't swear I didn't look back to see how near our horses were.

Somabulane stared straight in front of him, waiting for a reply, with all the appearance of a cross-examining lawyer who has put an unanswerable question to a hostile witness.

Rhodes turned to Colenbrander, and Colenbrander spoke with great self-control and nerve, and in an undertone, which we heard distinctly, but which the Matabili probably did not catch, and if they did, of course, would hardly understand.

"I shouldn't go on with the subject if I were you," he said. "It's quite true. Some women were shot by cattle-collectors."

Rhodes hesitated a moment. I watched him very anxiously. I hoped he was not going to be obstinate. The temper of a savage is easily aroused. If the Matabili had got the slightest idea that we were prepared to justify what had been done in the past, the situation might easily become serious. They looked upon Rhodes as sympathizing with them. If he were going to sympathize with the cattle-collectors, then their last hope was gone and they had better die fighting and do as much mischief as they could before they went.

How trivialities attract one's attention at times like this ! I noticed that the dust devil had turned round and was coming towards us. It was quite a small dust devil.

Rhodes was about to speak. Colenbrander interrupted him again. Perfectly calmly, facing the situation, with nerve and resource. "They are getting excited," he said—and then very firmly, with a note of command, "I should drop the subject."

Just a little reluctantly, not that he didn't see the danger but that he didn't like to be beaten, Rhodes made a gesture of setting aside. "Well," he said, "all that is over. And now you have come to make peace."

There was a deep relieved "Ea vumbu"—a note of acquiescence.

Rhodes was upon their side. He was not going to defend the cattle-collectors. There was to be a fresh start, and he, Baba, utandu bantu, the one who loved the people, was going to see them righted.

The sun was setting now. Long shades fell from the granite kopjes. Deep amongst the hills the shadows grew purple as the winter haze crept up between the lichen-covered boulders. Where the kopjes faced the setting sun they were blazoned in deep crimson light, the winter hues, the browns and russets of the yellow fluttering fading leaves of the 'Mpaniees; the contrast grew between the shadow and the shine.

Somabulane stood to his feet. The indaba was over.

The protocol of peace was signed as safely and as certainly as if its terms had been endorsed upon parchment, sealed with a great seal and bearing the signatures of Plenipotentiary and Prince.

"It is peace then?" said Rhodes once more. "How do we know that it is peace?"

"You have the word of Somabulane—of Babiaan—of Dhliso, chiefs of the House of the Kumalo."

"It is good, my children. Go in peace."

"Hamba gahle, aminduna."

"Hamba gahle, Baba."

We stood erect just for one moment, and then, with a little pathetic gesture, a little reaching out to their friend and father, a little asking for just one more assurance, as if by common consent the chiefs spoke together. "Mehla umhlopi Baba" (The eyes are white, my father).

"The eyes are white," repeated Rhodes.

Peace reigned over the Matopos.

And never a single shot was fired in Matabililand after that simple verbal declaration of peace.

* * * * *

At the close of the meeting there was very nearly trouble. I think it was Sauer who produced a well-filled tobacco bag from his pocket and offered a handful to the induna Babiaan, whom he knew personally. The chiefs had been for many months without tobacco, and there was an instant rush to get a share of the bag. I had turned towards the horses, but, realizing that if treachery was intended the attack would be made then or never, I was alert, and so was Colenbrander. We both swung round quickly at the sound of the rush. Rhodes said, catching the situation immediately, "It's all right; they only want tobacco."

Colenbrander, Sauer and I had revolvers. Rhodes, who went quite unarmed, realized the danger of our suddenly drawing a gun and precipitating an encounter. However, the tobacco was distributed; we remounted and rode slowly and thoughtfully back through the pass, through the wooded valley, out into the open country, heading for the camp.

Then a curious conversation came between Rhodes and myself. We were riding along the path together, Colenbrander and Sauer, with Grootboom behind us, when he suddenly said, thoughtfully:

"You were wrong before."

I looked up quickly, knowing instantly what he meant.

He was going to talk about my dispatches, exposing the cruelty of the Chartered Company's troops to the natives in 1893. I felt a little embarrassed. Rhodes was so certain that he was right, so consciously an altruist; his motives were so good that he looked upon anyone who opposed him as not only wrong but malignant and mischievous. He could not see both sides of a question: being certain that he was doing a good work, he was equally certain that anyone who even criticized his methods was doing harm.

He left no room for argument, and, even if he had, I had begun already to realize that I had lost the great Imperial issue in a minor one.

"You were wrong before," he repeated, "when you wrote those letters in '93."

"They were all perfectly true," I said.

"That may be. But they were just what we didn't want published. You played into the hands of our enemies. Labouchere took them up. We might have been ordered to withdraw from the country altogether."

The indictment was complete. It would have been useless to suggest to him that there were occasions when Labouchere was right. To him at that moment Labouchere was the incarnation of the evil genius of Empire, a man who had deliberately set himself to check Rhodes' imperial schemes in this country, and who, therefore, could be considered nothing but mischievous and malignant.

The fact that Labouchere had taken up my letters left in Rhodes' mind no doubt as to their being in-

excusably wrong. To have argued that the truth is always a good thing would have been waste of time. Labouchere had republished the letters. They were doomed and damned. There was nothing decent to be said of them.

I was not inclined to argue. The moments we had passed together had been a revelation of Rhodes' character so startling and unexpected that I felt irresistibly I had not understood him or his attitude towards the natives. There was nothing for it but to admit and retire as gracefully as possible.

"Why did you write those letters?"

"Well," I said, "I suppose I was very young. I didn't quite grasp the situation."

He was delighted with the admission. He laughed.

"Of course," he said, "of course. You were very young."

Then he slipped in a home thrust:

"And you're very young still."

Forgiveness and admonition, all in one sentence. The explanation accepted; the admission recorded; and a plain intimation to be wiser in future.

I was still very young. I might make other mistakes. It would be wise to be guided by my elders.

Speaking afterwards to Sauer, Rhodes said:

"A clever answer. What could I say? It was quite true. He *was* very young. He's still very young."

We reached camp at about twilight. Sauer, who loved to "chip," said, "By jove, you *were* nervous." "Sauer," I said, mindful of the old story, "if you had

been half as nervous as I, you wouldn't have gone at all." Leaving him to think that out, I went straight to saddle a fresh horse and carry my news to the telegraph office. It was Friday night, and if a real scoop was to be made the *Cape Times* must have the story on Saturday morning. I was just about to start off, when Sauer again hove in sight. He said, "Look here, will you wait and go in with us? We shall leave after dinner and get there as soon as you, for we shall change horses on the way."

And so it was. I went over to Rhodes' camp and because the occasion was a great one and we were pleased with ourselves we toasted the proclamation of peace in "Royal Shandies."

Tony—good Tony! Valet, body servant and cook; faithful coloured man; he has gone to join his master—Tony excelled himself that night. We dined upon sassaties of game, curried with all the flavours of Ormuz and the Ind, blended in a Cape recipe which has been lost to epicurean posterity.

Then we set out, Cardigan, Sauer and myself, armed to the teeth—for the news of peace might just not have reached the Matabili ahead of us—and with six of the best mules that the camp could muster.

It was a curious drive through the inky rocky darkness. At the first fort we obtained an escort of six men to carry us through a particularly nasty defile. They rode after us, cursing the night, cursing their horses, cursing themselves, and not hesitating privily to curse us in good set terms. But, the defile once safely passed, Sauer appeased them with money, and

we made our first outspan. We demanded fresh mules from the officer in command of the fort, and showed him a ukase from Rhodes written on half a sheet of note-paper. He complied with the ukase—he looked as if he felt he ought to kiss it in Roman fashion—so outstanding a power Rhodes was in the country, even then.

While the fresh mules were being inspanned and we were snatching a snack, the officer drew me aside.

“What’s up?” he said, “anything happened to Rhodes?”

“You see his order?”

“Yes,” doubtfully. “But something important must be going on. Why are you fellows driving post haste to Bulawayo at this hour of the night?”

I could not tell him. We were under a pledge to each other not to reveal the news until a moment mutually agreed upon.

We struck Bulawayo at three in the morning, tired, dusty, and sleepy. But there was no sleep for me. I sat in a room in Sauer’s quarters and wrote. There was a story to be told, and to be told carefully and truly.

The other two slept. It was agreed none of us should leave the room until the telegraph office opened.

At nine o’clock, after a scrambled breakfast and an apology for a wash, we made for the post office and Sauer handed in our cables to the Stock Exchange, London. They were not coded, and the telegraph clerk’s face was a study when he read them.

“What’s happened?” he said to me.

"Tell you everything in a few minutes," I said.

"Is it good enough to buy charters?"

"Quite."

We returned to our quarters and waited till midday in order, as Sauer put it, "to give the cables a fair start."

Then I put my dispatch to the *Cape Times* on the wire, and we separated to tell the news. I was to go to the military, Cardigan to the Club, and Sauer to Lord Grey, who was then Administrator. I found Baden-Powell and told him the story in detail. He delighted in it. It appealed to his keen imagination. He got me to draw him a little plan from which he elaborated a double-page picture for the *Daily Graphic*, the original of which, I believe, hangs in Dalham Hall to-day, framed with my dispatch to the *Cape Times*. Colonel Frank Rhodes had it framed and kept because, as he said, with a humorous little twinkle, "As you grow older you'll imagine things and add them to the story, and we shall never know what really *did* happen."

I have tried to avoid this.

Officialdom received the news with unconcealed relief. For officialdom knew the seriousness of the situation. The military were well content to be absolved from their obligation to clear the Matopos—an almost impossible task without four times the men we had. Bulawayo professed profound disgust at any negotiations at all with the "niggers," but South Africa was unfeignedly pleased. The splendid romance of Rhodes' action appealed to a warm-hearted country and, with a revulsion characteristic of human nature,

he rushed back into public favour, idol and hero once more.

He did not come with us to Bulawayo. He did not deal upon 'Change. He remained at his camp to continue quietly the work of pacification, so well begun. To have left the Matopos at that moment might have been to arouse the suspicion of the chiefs.

We made little money out of our shares.

We hung on too long !

THE RECONSTRUCTION.

When we returned Rhodes invited me to spend a few days at his camp and help in the work of consolidating the peace, and most enjoyable it was.

One particularly typical night I remember very clearly. The weather was perfect. We had dined under a buck sail, rigged as an awning in a group of thorn trees. The open sides allowed the crisp cold winter wind to play over us. Great camp fires blazed all round, at which sat Matabili of various ranks and stations, enjoying good food and the generous hospitality of their host. The conversation had been in lighter vein, turning from the biographies of the Babylonian Emperors, considered in the light of modern civilization, to their dress and the costume of mediæval times. Rhodes had been chaffing Sauer, asserting that he would look well in a plumed sombrero, a silk slashed doublet, a sword and high riding boots.

Very shortly after the first indaba a second meeting was asked for, at which the natives desired the presence

of Sir Richard Martin. They had learnt in some peculiar fashion of their own that he was representing the Imperial authorities, as personified in Her Majesty the Queen. The request was not very satisfactory, because it suggested a certain distrust of Rhodes. But it was communicated to Sir Richard, that pompous and rather futile functionary, cast in the rigid bureaucratic mould. A very perfect civil servant, but a man whose fear of doing something wrong led him, upon most occasions when something should have been done, to maintain an attitude of masterly inactivity. Sir Richard had intimated his intention of meeting the chiefs.

The morning of the indaba arrived, and so did Sir Richard. He had a smart-looking escort of mounted police, twenty or thirty strong, armed to the teeth, one of whom carried a huge Union Jack, which furled and unfurled itself lazily in the breeze.

John Grootboom objected, and so did Colenbrander. "If Martin goes with an armed escort," said the latter, "the natives will not meet him. They will become alarmed. There must be no military panoply."

Argument followed, Sir Richard declining to do anything unless he could do it accompanied by the proper outward and visible signs of dignity due to an Imperial representative.

In the midst of the controversy I heard Rhodes' falsetto :

"All right," he said, "all right ! Let him stop away. Let him stop away. He'll be out of it ; he'll be out of it *again*."

My recollection of the second indaba is that it was, if not as thrilling and dramatic as the first, at least as dangerous. We met a larger party, indeed, we were a larger party ourselves. Two ladies—Mrs. Colenbrander—what a splendid woman—and Mrs. Smidt, were present.

Amongst the natives there was a very sinister and mutinous element. A man known as Kumalo, probably a member of the great Kumalo family, by the minor wife of one of the chiefs, was leading a party of young bloods who were by no means satisfied with the turn events had taken. Kumalo's history was an extraordinary one. Living in Bulawayo at the time it was besieged, he was suspected of sympathizing with the rebels. He does not appear to have been tried by any court-martial, but was sent out of camp by some person in authority, in the charge of two troopers who had orders to shoot him if he attempted to escape. The troopers asserted that he did attempt to escape, though it seems a foolish thing for him to have done when we remember that his escort was armed with rifles.

Anyhow they reported him dead. But they reckoned without the native skull. Kumalo, though hit in the head, was not killed, and turned up rather awkwardly at the second indaba with about as ugly a story to tell as could be imagined.

Some of the natives brought arms with them, and came swarming down the small kopje towards the trees under which we had assembled in a very excited and apparently far from friendly mood. Indeed, so

critical did things appear that it was decided that the two ladies should remain on their horses, so as to give them a better chance of escaping if a rush took place. Some of our party objected to the natives bringing arms with them; but Rhodes, who that day seemed particularly free from anything like nervousness, hotly espoused the cause of the natives.

"You're all stuffed full of revolvers like partridges," he said, mixing metaphors a bit—and the idea of a partridge stuffed full of revolvers broke the tension. Everyone within hearing laughed and the discussion commenced.

Rhodes actually left the European side of the indaba and, crossing over to the rebels, as it were, sat with them, seeming to speak for them.

He commenced by saying that they should not have brought arms with them, because there was no longer any war; peace had been decided upon; and the thing to do now was to discuss the future of the country.

Unhappily for this remark the muzzle of a revolver which Johnny Grimmer had put into the breast pocket of his coat managed somehow to protrude itself, and one of the natives pointed it out excitedly, saying, "Your young men are armed."

Rhodes gave Johnny a half humorous, half despairing glance, and Johnny, blushing furiously, because he had done an awkward thing, angrily pushed the revolver back into his pocket. That, however, closed the discussion on the subject of arms.

The first thing to do was to square Kumalo, who asserted that he had made no attempt to escape, had

had no connection with the rebels, was living peacefully in Bulawayo, and had been sent out to be murdered simply because he was an educated native. There was no way of getting at the truth of the matter, so Rhodes contented himself with promising Kumalo that no further surreptitious attempts should be made upon his life, and suggested that a free pardon would be given him in the event of peace being successfully concluded. Kumalo thanked him for nothing, and asked what was to be done about the two men who had attempted to murder him. Everybody began to get irritable, nervous and excited; the white men to eye their horses and think of their revolvers; the black men to see red, and speculate upon the chances of murdering us all.

Rhodes, once again, stood mentally head and shoulders above everyone. One felt the psychic force of his dominating personality; the mesmeric grip that he seemed to have upon the wills of others.

"We have not come here," he said, speaking, of course, through an interpreter, "to discuss the past. That must be forgiven and forgotten. It is peace now."

There was a movement among the natives, and a young chief, who might best be described as insolent to the elders of his own tribe, and particularly so to the white men, put a pertinent question:

"Where are we to live, when it is over?" he said. "The white man claims all the land."

Rhodes replied at once: "We will give you settlements. We will set apart locations for you; we will give you land."

The young chief shouted angrily : " You will give us land in our own country ! That's good of you ! "

The retort was difficult to counter, and there was silence, while the elder chiefs endeavoured to soothe the tumult which was arising.

The young man spoke again :

" Where will you give us land ? " he said.

" Well," said Mr. Rhodes, " you seem very fond of the Matopos. We will give you land there."

There was laughter at this, for the natives are quick to appreciate a counter-thrust in debate.

The young chief commenced again, and it was clear that he had to be dealt with. He was one of those who were armed. Rhodes said, " I shan't talk with you until you put down your rifle. When Somabulane came to see me—your great chief—he left his rifle behind. And afterwards he put it down before me. Who are you not to follow the example of Somabulane?"

The elder chiefs supported this point. " Yavuma baba ! "

The young chief was still sulky and dangerous.

" You will have to talk to me with my rifle in my hand," he said. " I find if I talk with my rifle in my hand the white man pays more attention to what I say. Once I put my rifle down I am nothing. I am just a dog to be kicked."

Applause from the young bloods.

At that moment a Captain Beresford, who was lying on the grass beside me, and who either had no nerves or did not realize the intensity of the situation, gave

a gentle sigh and settled into sleep, as old campaigners do at all sorts of odd times and moments.

Colenbrander kicked him sharply on the shin :

"Don't go to sleep," he said in his quiet undertone, which always suggested calm alertness, readiness for any emergency ; "don't go to sleep ; you may want to be very wide awake in a minute or two."

"Eh-what ?" said Beresford, as he sat up, "going to be a scrap ?"

Colenbrander could understand what the natives were saying to one another, and when he took a serious view it was time to be awake.

The discussion became purposeless. The young men, especially Kumalo, insisted upon seeing Sir Richard Martin. They wanted the man from the Queen, they said. They knew a man had been sent from the Queen. Why was he not present ? It was useless to tell them why he was not present, and it was quite evident that the elder chiefs had not got the young men in hand. Now came the difficulty of getting away with dignity and breaking off the discussion without letting it appear that peace negotiations were at an end.

Rhodes seized his opportunity :

"Very well, he said. "You want to see the Queen's man. Well, he will not come without his police, and they will bring their rifles, but if you want to see him I will take him your message, and you can meet him and tell him your grievances."

It was cleverly put. To have said that no good could be gained by continuing the discussion while the

young men were in a temper would have been practically a threat to resume hostilities, and the position would instantly have become most dangerous. As it was, we were allowed to depart without any trouble, but there was no cordial distribution of tobacco, and those of us who realized how necessary it was that our efforts should be made good felt disappointed and discouraged as we rode back.

But not so Rhodes. Minor difficulties, small setbacks, only spurred him to greater efforts.

"We must get Martin. Martin must see them," he said. "Now that they know he insists on bringing armed police with him it will not be so difficult. They are just a little angry. There is a great deal to be said for them. We must try and be fair. They are children. They suffer from a sense of injustice."

Just as we were remounting, Mrs. Colenbrander had spoken kindly to old Baviaan, and Baviaan had promised to do what he could to suppress the young inimical element and to bring matters forward. She was quite cheerful, and Rhodes was delighted with her little bit of diplomacy, praising her warmly, and telling her she had helped him greatly.

That was the last of the really dangerous encounters. The power of the chiefs prevailed. I fancy Kumalo's claims were met after a dip into the wonderful leather bag in which it was the habit of Tony to carry a considerable sum in hard cash. Anyhow, patiently, not hastening things, the settlement was finally accomplished.

THE LAST ACT.

“ Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The Trumpet’s silver voice is still,
The Warden silent on the hill.”

On Wednesday, March 26, 1902, the town of Kimberley walked on tiptoe.

Rhodes meant so much to them.

Quite apart from affection, there was the knowledge which the people of Kimberley shared with the Matabili that he was a protector and a personal friend.

With Rhodes absent, who was to shield the Matabili from the grind of the colour and race hatred, from the oppression of the conqueror, from the injustice and unfair dealing which had forced them into rebellion ?

With Rhodes absent from Kimberley, who would pursue the generous policy of ransom which made the Kimberley people what they were ? Who would perpetuate the instinct of give and take, the instinct that forced Capital to admit and acknowledge its obligations as well as its claims, its duties as well as its rights, its responsibilities as well as its power ?

From the lowest point of view the shadow of a great dread hung over Kimberley.

From the best point of view the shadow of a great sorrow.

It was just after six o’clock in the evening that the message came.

“ Rhodes is dead ! ”

At the Club a group of men had gathered round the entrance gates. One took the telegram, opened it and nodded, with lifted eye brows, to the others.

Very quietly they all went into the lounge and swiftly the whisper spread.

The shift coming off duty at the various mines stood shocked before the simple funeral notice.

That night, theatres closed, canteens shut down, Kimberley slept uneasily, a sense of disaster and of gloom heavy upon the city.

As daylight broke, work upon the towering head-gears ceased, the endless processions of little trucks came to a standstill, the roar of the unloading skips, the scream of the shift whistles, died away ; the iron-tongued clatter of the machinery ceased ; shops were shuttered ; flags hung half-mast, listless and weary ; slowly the buildings of the town commenced to wrap themselves in purple trappings of woe.

Seldom in the history of Empire has the death of a great man been more honestly and whole-heartedly mourned than the death of Rhodes was mourned upon the Diamond Fields. It was not alone that he was a benefactor ; it was not because he stood between the people of Kimberley and the relentless pressure of the mills of supply and demand ; but it was because he managed somehow throughout his life to attract to himself that peculiar and extraordinary personal affection which is usually the prerogative alone of monarchs or of supermen.

For the slaves of the pen there was no sleep ; no mournful contemplation ; no sad thought. It was nearly daybreak before the paper went to press, and it contained a hastily gathered collection of " thoughts " upon the passing of the great consolidator. Some were trite ; some were foolish ; some were classical ; some poetical. But all came from the heart. Each man gave the best he had, from Judge-President Lawrence, with his stilted Latin quatrain which no one but himself could translate, to the porter at the De Beers offices, who shook his head and said, " He couldn't think nohow."

The workmen turned back from their early morning shift and trudged stolidly homeward, wondering who now would take their part when they quarrelled with the bureaucracy.

The natives, remembering always—natives remember these things more than one thinks—how he stood by his policy of equal rights for all civilized men, without disability of creed or caste or colour, mourned him, knowing him rather as a great tradition, as they knew Queen Victoria and as they had heard of Moshoeshoe and of Chaka—*Ea Tandu Bantu*—one who loved the people.

In the morning men were busy. They felt they must be doing something. Black and purple cloth was rapidly sold out, anything that could be used as a funeral wrapping, and because we mourned " Dreamer devout, by vision led," as well as a great ruler of men, we sought cloth of gold to mix with our purple and

our black, an offering of high honour that tempered and mingled with our grief.

From Cape Town came my summons to attend the last noble ceremonies that were to grace the journey home—home to the land that had taken his name; home to the resting-place he himself had chosen; back from “the hurrying street, alive with strength and youth” to the eternal silence of the granite tomb cut from the mighty cairn uplifted by primæval fires, to find his resting-place.

AT GROOTE SCHUUR.

“Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

A public holiday coincided with the lying in state. The body had been brought by night from Muizenberg, and, encoffined in massive teak, had been placed within the hall of Groote Schuur. Six great candles shed upon it a sad insistent light, and at the head a brazen crucifix, symbol of the true faith, marked Rhodes a Christian.

Imperial purple was his pall, and the sweet savour of many flowers, the heavy-scented mountain flowers of the Peninsula, came faintly through the open doorway.

All Friday, all Saturday, and Monday, the people, the common people that loved him so well, and whom he tried to help, who called him friend and leader, black and white, and coloured—sinking all differences

in the common grief, streamed up through the great pine avenue, passing in reverent silence where the Master of Matabililand, conqueror and peace-maker, Democrat and Imperialist, lay waiting for the last sad rites.

The flower seekers that trade in heath and lily had scoured the mountainside to bring their offerings.

There was a hush of reverent grief.

After they had passed the bier, the people, spread upon the mountainside about the house, wandered into the Hydrangea valley, hung about the terraces in a listless wondering manner, as if waiting in the hope that something, they hardly knew what, would happen to restore the dead. Evening settled down over the mountain, the tall candles glowed through the darkening twilight, and the people slowly, as if still at a funeral, streamed back through the pine avenue, out into the busy highway of Rondebosch.

On Tuesday, with the mailboat, came Colonel Frank and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, with full hearts.

On Wednesday, a short and simple service at twilight, a song at even for the dead.

That night, under a small escort of police, a solemn little procession set forth from Groote Schuur, bound for Parliament House. The great Hall of the Assembly was draped deep in sombre black and purple, and once again the people streamed in their thousands past the coffin.

It was such a crowd as South Africa had never seen before. The people were not there as pleasure-seekers

or as they might have assembled to witness the pomp and pageantry of some potentate's last obsequies.

There was no vain glory. His burial was as simple as his life. The funeral, the simple, solemn, Christian funeral of a Christian gentleman of high estate.

It was meet that he should lie for some little while where so much of his life's great work was done, that the last public recognition of him upon the Peninsula should be as a parliamentarian. But there was something cold and unresponsive in that Hall of Parliament.

Noble were the surroundings, rich the trappings, solemn the scene. But it was the public man who lay there, the man the public knew through his speeches and the newspapers. At Groote Schuur had lain the Master of that mountain domain, the cheery host of elder days, the man each one of us had loved as friend and sympathizer.

In the Hall of Parliament he seemed far off—the Prime Minister—a lord of finance, a mighty personality.

At Groote Schuur he was just Rhodes, the man with whom one had shared danger, difficulty and defeat.

On Thursday, from the Hall of Parliament to the Cathedral—a great procession of all that was best in the land, and yet again a simple procession; such a procession as he himself would have liked. No boastful display of gauds.

Watching it from the roof-top one witnessed a sense of loss, a stretching out of hands in impotent protest against the inscrutable decrees of fate.

“Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

From this text the Archbishop succinctly and shortly reckoned the sum as it were of Rhodes' life, and of the ideals which he had shared with him, spoke of the true religion of his nature, and destroyed for ever by his own evidence the slander that Rhodes was contemptuously agnostic, a cynical materialist.

The approaches to the railway station were densely thronged. Rhodes' private coach, built by the De Beers' Company, had been converted into a *chapelle ardente*, at the head of the long closely-shuttered train—a train de luxe—with its shower baths, and its luxurious appointments, which was to convey us all far northward into the hills which he had selected for his grave.

Eight stout fellows—for the coffin was extraordinarily heavy—bore it into place. The watchlights gleamed again. There was the brazen cross. And there, at head and foot, point-device in every buckle and accoutrement, with arms reversed, stood troopers of the Cape Mounted Police, a guard of honour on that strange eventful journey.

To the roll of muffled drums ; to the wail of Chopin's *Marche Funebre* ; in a silence of the people that hung heavy, slowly the great train glided from the platform.

It was intensely hot. The mountain shimmered in the mirage where the rocky table-top seemed to merge into the sky. Frock coats were suffocating and silk hats inadequate protection.

Would it be irreverent to take some slight refreshment ?

We sat and watched each other, fellow passengers, the same thought running through each mind, not one venturing to give it expression. Then Ross, dear old Ross, veteran conductor, who had travelled with Royalty and was a master of his art, stood very quietly before us, very sympathetically, with ice-cold Riebeck and "Just a leetle whisky, sir?"

It was a human touch, just the sort of human touch that Rhodes himself would have introduced on the most solemn of occasions.

We had entered in upon our five days' funeral.

Was ever such a journey?

At every siding, at every halt, at every wayside station the people gathered, reverently and solemnly, to watch the passing.

At Paarl, the Mecca of Afrikanderdom, the Cape Town Highlanders lined the station, the weird wailing of the pipes, "Lochiel's Lament," heralded our arrival, fixed bayonets glittered in the fitful lamplight as the rifles rose to the present and fell.

Slowly we climbed the Drakensberg, leaving behind us the fruit farms where Rhodes' money had built many a home. The moon was cold and clear and high, and the banking engine groaned under its load as, thrust and pull, pull and thrust, we breasted the mighty barricade of rock that parapets the great spaces of the Karroo.

At Laingsburg it was three in the morning when we passed through. The Mayor and nearly the whole of the town were on the station with wreaths, to walk solemnly past the chapel and leave their flowers in

remembrance. It was early morning when we came to Kimberley, gliding almost silently amongst the debris heaps and past the great craters of the mine, till we drew up at the main platform.

The people of Kimberley perhaps loved Rhodes best of all. They had seen him during one of the finest moments of his life, when he had returned to face the Boer shells, the starvation and the danger amongst his own people. They had seen all through the siege his unselfishness, his wide-hearted sympathy. They had seen the play of the human emotions, so marked in him.

He had been of them and with them, sharing their grief, when men like Labram died, spending his private fortune lavishly in relief works, checking the autocracy of the military, standing always for the people.

Rhodes was very near and dear to Kimberley in those days. He was part of the people's life. There was much vacant, much wanting, when he went.

So, once again, the solemn procession ; once again the wreaths in prodigal profuseness. Early in the morning though it was, not one was absent. The wheels upon the great headgears were still ; the skips had ceased to thunder up and down ; the little trucks upon the endless haulage were motionless ; again the long strands of wire rope hung listless between.

Silently the parade continued. And then, just as the morning merged into midday, we stole slowly northward once again.

Now we were among the blockhouses. And as we went the lookout men giving warning, garrison after

garrison, some white, some black, mustered in front of their little lonely bullet-proof homes, came to attention, and, as the train passed, paid the highest salute a soldier knows to the majesty of death.

They were not always very well drilled, these garrisons, the salute was not always symmetrical or simultaneous, but there was heart behind it.

After Mafeking a great steel-plated armoured train lumbered slowly out ahead of us as escort. I do not think it was needed. Bitter though the feeling was in those last days, the Boers would not knowingly either have wrecked the train or broken rudely in upon so solemn and sad a journey ; but the military authorities took all precautions, and "the Terror of the Road," as melodramatic Thomas Atkins had named her, piloted us all proudly, her fourteen-pounders en barbette, swung outward to ward off all intruders.

And so past Palachwe, into the forests of Bechuana-land.

Behind us was another armoured train, her sides hung with thick ropes as bullet protection. When she ranged up alongside of us to take water, the grimy Tommies, war-stained, peered curiously into the chapel.

They left us at Palachwe, for the danger zone was past, and we plunged into the forest silence of the African night.

Now came a curious scene. The mass of wreaths could be carried no longer. They had begun to putrefy. The smell was not pleasant, and room had to be made for others. So, having detached the messages they bore, we pulled the train up over a culvert, lighted a

fire with some driftwood, and one by one dropped bruised and mangled flowers into the blaze. The fire threw quaint shafts of light far into the forest, and a heavy smoke rose from the damp and hissing flowers.

Above the culvert the coffin could be clearly seen through the great glass windows. The tapers burning steadily. The men on guard with bowed heads.

Far away in the night silence, a jackal laughed in misunderstanding, and a faint breeze wafted the smoke here and there, rustling the forest leaves.

Overhead the stars were bright and crystalline and the dark outlines of the shuttered train were deep engraved against the forest background.

The fire died away and nothing remained of the wreaths but warm ashes, to be flung to the four corners of the forest by the storm winds when they came. They had served their purpose and found a fitting end.

Northward, ever northward, we rattled through the night until the morning of the Tuesday found us upon the plateau of Matabililand, about to enter Bulawayo, once the place of the killing, to-day the place of building; once the seat of a degenerate despot, whose savage instincts looked upon all progress as high treason, upon education as veiled sedition, upon advancement as a subversive and a dangerous influence.

Very silently, without jarring scream of whistle, or rush of pent-up steam, we glided through the long rank grass, where the tall foxgloves brushed the axle boxes, until Bulawayo came in sight, with its muster of Rhodes' fighting men upon the platform to guard and do him honour in those last great moments.

Brazenly the bugles blared the general salute. Automatically the police presented arms. In simple silence, we marched to the drill hall. Bulawayo was wrapped in mourning; the drapings of the night. A shirt-sleeved top-booted crowd, in Stetson and sombrero, not too acquaint with ceremony, but standing hat in hand, very feelingly.

At the Drill Hall a mighty catafalque had been erected; beneath the catafalque a casket contained the body; a bank of wreaths hid the bier. The lights were shadowed. At the head a brazen cross and two great waxen candles.

In charge of the guard a Victoria Cross hero of the Mazoe patrol, every man there had helped to hold Rhodesia for the British. The officers of the Rhodesian volunteers, a battle-scarred corps, kept guard by day and night. Very solemn and very weird was the ceremony of changing guard; the gruff words of command; the glitter of swords passing from slope to carry and from carry to salute and back to the slope all through the silent watches of the night.

We had come to the last phase, and at midday the burial service. Its first portion was recited in the hall, and there, for the first time we heard, from Bishop Gaul, the Catholic prayer, hoary with the ages, that "The souls of the faithful, departed, by the mercy of God, might rest in Peace."

The dress of the populace was crude, suggestive of Bret Harte. But these rough men were deeply touched.

That night we slept upon the shore of Rhodes' great dam in the valley of the Molemo. Over the wall of rigid masonry and through the gap across which it had been thrown, we looked out upon the Matopo Mountains, saffron and purple, amorphous in the twilight shades. Before us the sun-swept slopes of the valley flamed like golden silk shot with bronze as the evening breeze swept this way and that over the flowering grasses of the veld. Away below, upon the banks of the spruit, camp fires shone. Hundreds of the people of Bulawayo, some on foot, some upon bicycles, some in carts and wagons, this way or that, were following the master to his last resting-place.

Darkness settled down over the land. Under the thatched canopy of the dining-hut the body lay where, in his lifetime, Rhodes was wont to hold indaba, where the old men and the young, induna and majaka, met and spoke with him face to face.

A catafalque of thatch, the dome of heaven, scintillant over all.

Down in the valley the minor chants of the honoured 'Mbongos that praise the dead; "Son of the Black Bull"; "Lion in Battle"; "Mankulumana"; "He who says 'Get up while I sit down'"; "He who separates the fighting bulls"; "Great Heart"; "He who stood in the place of Umziligaze, the Drinker of Blood, and Lobengula, Driven by the Wind, Princes of the great House of Kumalo." All through the night the lament rose and fell.

At daybreak on the Thursday this amazing funeral, these pathetically grotesque obsequies, recommenced. A troop of baboons fled chattering before the invasion ; " Qua " birds protested, and grey lichen-coloured lizards scuttled hastily to cover. We drove in upon primæval chaos.

At the foot of the great hill, the bare granite mound which Rhodes had selected as his sarcophagus the smoke of camp fires rose once again ; the funeral meats were in preparation. The savour of mutton, grilled upon Zimbouti coals, rose sweet to mingle with the curious early morning scents of the fall of the year.

The body had been drawn up the gaunt naked face of the granite hill in the early morning and hung suspended over the grave from its steel tripod. The grave itself was cut in the solid stone, the labour of love of a Kimberley mason who held himself above all things privileged in his task, and worked day and night to accomplish it in time.

At eleven in the forenoon the rumble of the muffled drums began to echo and re-echo midst the great boulders that constitute this extraordinary granite belt that borders Matabililand. Slowly the procession, headed by the uplifted cross, set out upon its final journey. Sadly the funeral march spoke a last farewell. Three thousand Matabili, representative of the nation, gathered on the slopes of the ascent, saluted 'Mlalakunzi with the Royal word Bayete !—for did not his spirit sit in Council with the manes of Umziligaze and of Lobengula ?

Where four great boulders kept eternal guard upon the summit of the World's View, Cecil John Rhodes was laid, very reverently, to rest.

Before us the Matopos stretched in all their rugged grandeur, weather worn, grey mosses clung about the faces of the boulders like the beards of old men. Here the foliage gleamed green and bright, and here brown and dark in its autumnal hues. We looked upon the ruins of some mighty Cosmos and dreamt of the moment when these great rocks had been tossed to and fro like pebbles on a beach.

Deep, sun-washed valleys, rank with vegetation, stretched out before us, and, just below, dark pools of water reflected the blue of the morning sky, except where their surface was broken by the lilac bowl of the lotus. "O God, our Help in ages past"—the old hymn was welling forth. The Bishop's simple, short address. Kipling's poem. Just one more prayer that the dead man's soul might rest in peace. Then the granite slab, countersunk that none might ever desecrate the grave of Great Heart, swung slowly into place.

Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

* * * * *

It is night over the World's View.

Around the grave a few tall Matabili stand upon guard. The dying light reveals their gleaming assegais, the mighty thews and sinews of their limbs,

the short tufty beards—they are bearded men—the warriors whose assegais have been dipped in blood. They come from the Inzukumene and the Ingubu regiments, the Chosen and the Blanket; the Chosen because they are the picked men of the army; the Blanket because when they lie around the king he sleeps in peace.

Down in the valley the natives have forgathered to mark a great occasion. Out of the darkness the fires flare, and the dull chant of the 'Mbongo rises once again. Many cattle have been killed, for has not a great chief's spirit passed over to the other side, and have not the Matabili been charged to guard and keep his grave?

The crescent moon silvers the tree-tops and the granite kopjes. Black and dark now are the pools where the lotus swims. So, almost side by side, lie the founder of the Matabili nation and its conqueror. The surge of Empire will sweep past them northwards. Little will they reckon of that. Umziligaze, Kumalo, Drinker of Blood and Prince of his Mighty House; 'Mlalakunzi, Conqueror and Peace-maker; they lie resting in the silence of that vast wilderness in the stillness of the African night, in the land they both loved so well.

The fires die away. Sleep falls over the hills. Even the jackal forbears to break the silence of this night by his garish yelp. The Matabili slumber. Only up upon the summit the sentries come and go, with stealthy tread and gleaming assegai, lest wizards' evil molima snatch from them their trust.

APPENDIX.

[The following leading article from the pen of Mr. F. Edmund Garrett, then Editor of *The Cape Times*, appeared in that paper on Monday, 24th August, 1896.]

Our special correspondent has been in luck's way. One of the party of four that went into the Matopos to speak to the rebels, he was the only journalist present at the memorable indaba between Mr. Rhodes and the rebel chiefs. It is said that when Mr. Rhodes had first studied the situation in rebel Rhodesia he made haste to send a telegram to Dr. Jameson in England, telling him not to worry over the idea that the raid caused the rebellion, as there was undoubted proof that the trouble had long been brewing. Whether or not the Matabili war of 1896 can fairly be called "Jameson's War," nobody, after reading the most interesting description in another column, will deny that the peace which now seems to be announced is "Rhodes' Peace." There has been a great deal of talk, and many leading articles and dispatches have been penned, about Mr. Rhodes' official status in Rhodesia. The Matabili do not trouble their heads with these diplomatic niceties. To them Mr. Rhodes, Managing Director or not, is still what Lobengula called him years ago to Messrs. Thompson and Maguire, "the

big brother who eats up countries for his breakfast." This big brother, this great chief, they wanted to parley with, and Mr. Rhodes, without a moment's hesitation, rode into the Matopos. What amount of risk there was it is impossible to say at this distance ; at any rate, Mr. Rhodes and his little party did not pause to count risks, and the treachery of Dingaan—not common among Kaffirs, to do them justice—was happily not repeated. A most noteworthy talk was the result, and Mr. Rhodes seems to have succeeded in impressing the natives with a sense of firmness and clemency in just the right proportions. Whether the complaints so loudly made against the native police, and against some minor officials or ex-officials are bona fide grievances or exaggerated attempts to make out some sort of justification for the rising, we can only surmise. It is noteworthy that no mention was made of the cattle question, nor of the alleged ill-treatment by private settlers. But the great point is that the natives present accepted with acclamation Mr. Rhodes' carefully reserved promises of inquiry and redress, and offered to tender up their arms. They were almost as pressing as the white settlers in their invitations to Mr. Rhodes to make himself a Rhodesian fixture. Supposing the surrender of these chiefs carries all Matabililand with it, we cannot suppose that the Mashonalanders will hesitate about throwing themselves on the winning side. The official estimates that the rebels were getting sick of it seem well founded after all. The next problem will be how to deal with those leaders whose names were specially excluded

from clemency in the much-criticized Proclamation; and the next will be, having conquered the Matabili, to feed them. Meanwhile the value of Mr. Rhodes' presence on the spot, which Mr. Labouchere and the *Chronicle* consider merely theatrical, is shown in an unexpectedly striking way. We do not know whether Dr. Leyds will expect Mr. Chamberlain to send a dispatch pointing out to the chiefs the impropriety of their making terms with a mere private person, and cancelling the agreement arrived at as grossly irregular. At least the oft-repeated dictum that there will never be peace in South Africa so long as Mr. Rhodes is at large, hardly seems in the light of to-day's news, to exhaust the field of human observation. When the well-earned laurels of war come to be divided between the Colonists and the British troops, it will be remembered that "peace hath her victories no less renowned," and that "the Rhodes legend" is still an asset of civilisation in Matabililand.

[Some criticism of Rhodes's action drew from me the following letter to the same paper on my return to Cape Town.]

Sir,

The remarks of "our old friend, Mr. Willoughby," and some others constrain me to write to you concerning the series of events in Matabililand which terminated in what you have so aptly named "Rhodes' Peace." In order to demonstrate how very much not only the Chartered Company but South Africa

is indebted to Mr. Rhodes, allow me to review fairly and without prejudice the situation in Matabililand immediately prior to the famous indaba. The Matabili, a brave and warlike nation, determined to make one more struggle for their land and liberty. They had been gradually accumulating arms and ammunition for over two years, and, seizing an opportune moment, they mobilized their impis upon the Umguza River, forced Bulawayo to go into laager, and held the town practically in a state of siege. However, they left the Tati Road open, in the vain hope that the white men would use it as a means of escape from the country. For some time they made good their position within six miles of the capital, and, though they lost heavily, they succeeded in holding the town beleaguered. On the arrival, however, of Colonel Plumer and the men of the relief force, they were driven finally from the open country, and were forced to abandon once and for ever the offensive, and, acting on the defensive, took refuge in the cavernous kopjes of Thabas Amamba and the Matopo Hills. At Thabas Amamba, Colonel Plumer, after a series of brilliant manoeuvres, completely surprised and routed the Matabili, capturing their women and children and their cattle, and burning their military camps. He thus effectively destroyed all possibility of organized rebellion in that quarter.

Under the direction of Sir Frederick Carrington other patrols had swept the country for miles round, and there remained only the Matopos to be tackled.

Now the rebels, instead of confining themselves to what might almost be called a legitimate appeal to the sacred tribunal of "Trial by Combat," had put themselves out of court by their brutal murders of white women and little children in the early days of the rebellion. The knowledge of this rendered them desperate. Nor was this desperation lessened by Sir Richard Martin's now abortive proclamation outlawing all the principal chiefs. At this juncture General Carrington organized his brigade some 1,500 strong upon the edge of the Matopo Hills, and upon July 19th delivered an attack upon the strongholds of Dhliso and Babyaan. The result of this attack was the carrying of Babyaan's position with loss on both sides. Babyaan and most of his men escaped and re-occupied the position immediately on our return to camp. Captain Lang, who endeavoured to effect a junction with us, was prevented from doing so by the nature of the country, and while retiring through the Inugu Gorge was attacked by the enemy and suffered severely. Captain Nicholson's attempt to force the gorge also cost us another dozen or more killed and wounded, and after having built a fort in the vicinity, the column, under Colonel Plumer, attacked and carried the strongholds of Manjagavulu, Inyadine, and Sekombo. Plumer failed each time to encounter the enemy in force, and our loss was slight.

On August 5th, however, during an advance upon the stronghold of Umlugulu and Somabulane, the enemy very nearly succeeded in surprising a detachment under Captain Beresford, which included a mule

mountain battery of two guns. A fierce engagement took place, which soon became general. The action was a brilliant one, and our troops were extremely well handled. Nevertheless, the capture of the stronghold and the storming of the enemy's position cost us five white men killed in battle, two white men dead of their wounds, two Cape boys killed, and two friendlies and one Amakosa died of their wounds. This makes a total of twelve killed and fourteen wounded. The rebels have since denied having lost more than ten men, and we could find very few dead bodies on the field. Operations in the hills had now extended over about a fortnight. We had defeated the rebels and had driven them from their positions. At each encounter we had captured the few cattle which the rinderpest had left them. But we had taken no women, and our three days' fighting had cost us just about 100 men killed and wounded.

So much for the Matopos. Meanwhile Julius Weil and Co. had been making superhuman efforts to supply the troops and people of Matabililand with food, but their losses in mules had been enormous, and though their contracts had all been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, up-to-date, they were by no means enamoured of their undertaking. With the rains close at hand, the certainty of the rinderpest, and the probability of virulent horse and mule sickness, there was very little hope that even the most perfect of transport systems would stand the strain, and a famine in Matabililand merged from the possible into the nearly probable. The rebels who had been driven

from their strongholds near the Tuli Road had fled towards Inugu and had re-occupied the gorge. Thence it was scarce half a day's march to the Mangwe Pass. That once closed, disaster would have stared us in the face. Nothing was easier than to have closed it. Already the troopers' rations had been curtailed.

With the rebels matters were worse. Their attempt to regain their freedom and their country had failed, and its only result had been the coming of more white men with horses, cannon, and many dread machines of war. Their cattle, even sheep and goats, were nearly all dead of rinderpest. Their stores of grain were running short. They had only their women and children left to fight for. They dared not hope for pardon, and all they could do was to fight the bitter desperate fight to the end. In the hills as long as their food held out they were fairly safe, and had at least their families. There, then, they would live, fleeing from kopje to kopje and krantz to krantz before our screw guns and rifles like hunted baboons until death came to release them. They would kill white men as long as the ammunition lasted. There was plenty of that, and the sooner the end came the better. To these the first whisper of peace and perhaps pardon, brought by the mother of Umziligazi, was like cold water to a wounded man.

Here then were two peoples both weary of war, both desirous of peace, both seeing the probability of starvation before them, yet compelled by circumstances to go on fighting with little hope of ever achieving anything.

The situation was impossible. Mr. Rhodes stepped into the breach. "It is enough," he said; "as rebels, these men have been sufficiently punished. Let us outlaw the murderers, but to the rest let us give peace." So it was that on Friday, August 21, Mr. Rhodes, unarmed, with only three companions, entered the hills and commenced the negotiations which have now ended in the complete surrender of the chiefs, together with a large number of rifles and quantities of ammunition. It would perhaps have been more dramatic to have made Somabulane degrade and abase himself, as did King Prempeh, but it would have cost hundreds of lives, both black and white. Then, again, we have not all the right upon our side. The native administration in Matabililand has been corrupt and rotten to the core, and the natives sinning have also been sinned against. Dr. Jameson's promises to them were not kept, because he was not there to keep them. Captain Heyman, they told us, gave them no justice, and life was not worth living in the land. Better to die than live like dogs, they said. A few weeks' more fighting would have turned these men into banditti, whose hand would have been turned against every white man, and Rhodesia would have known no peace.

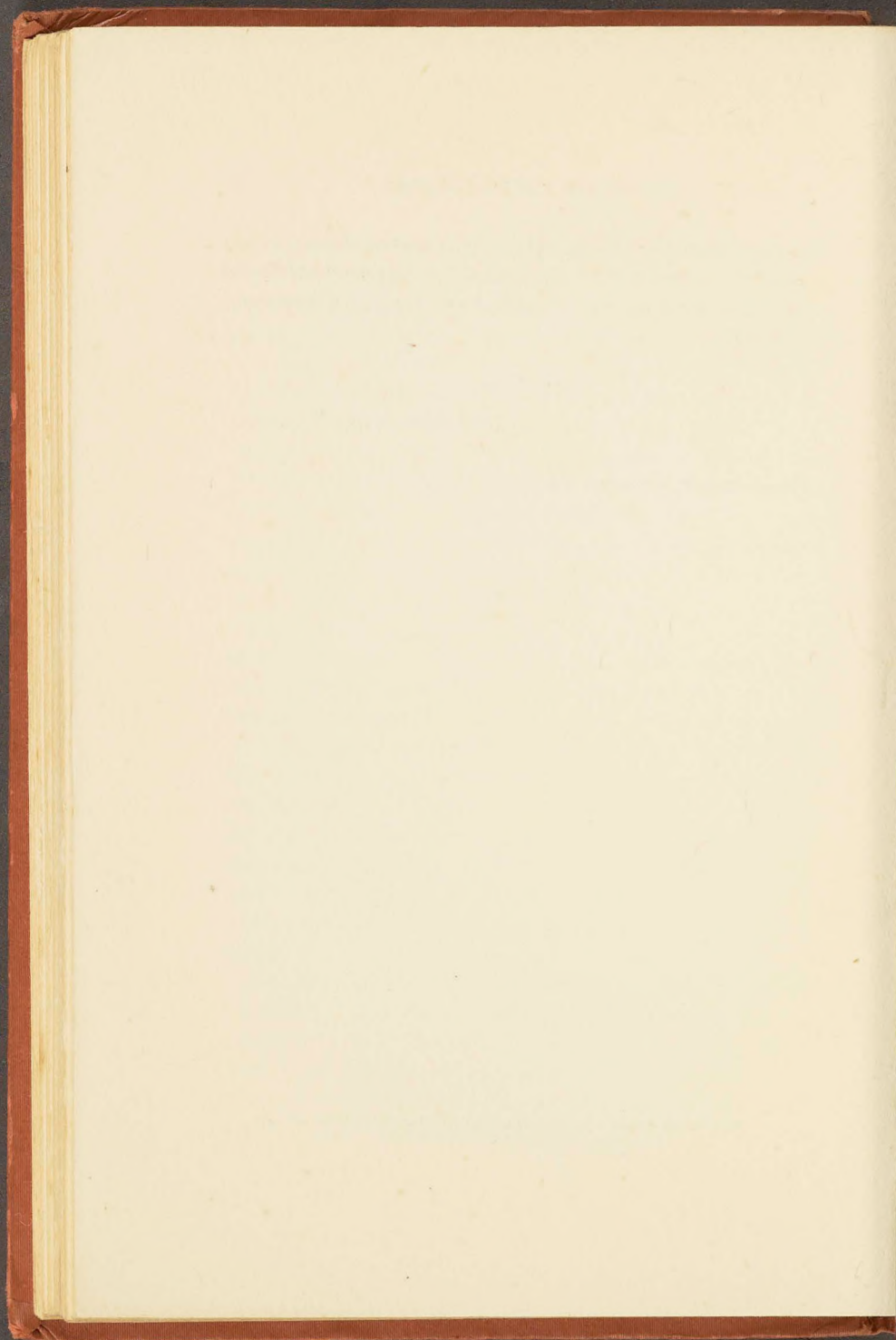
To-day the Matopos are as safe as the proverbial Piccadilly, and food is being run up as rapidly as possible. The Tuli road is open, the natives are at work upon their fields and peace reigns over the land. This, then, is what Mr. Rhodes did for Rhodesia by making peace with the Matabili. Some people tell

us he has done wrong, but it is a wrong-doing which will be accounted to his salvation upon that dread day of reckoning, which must come for all of us sooner or later.

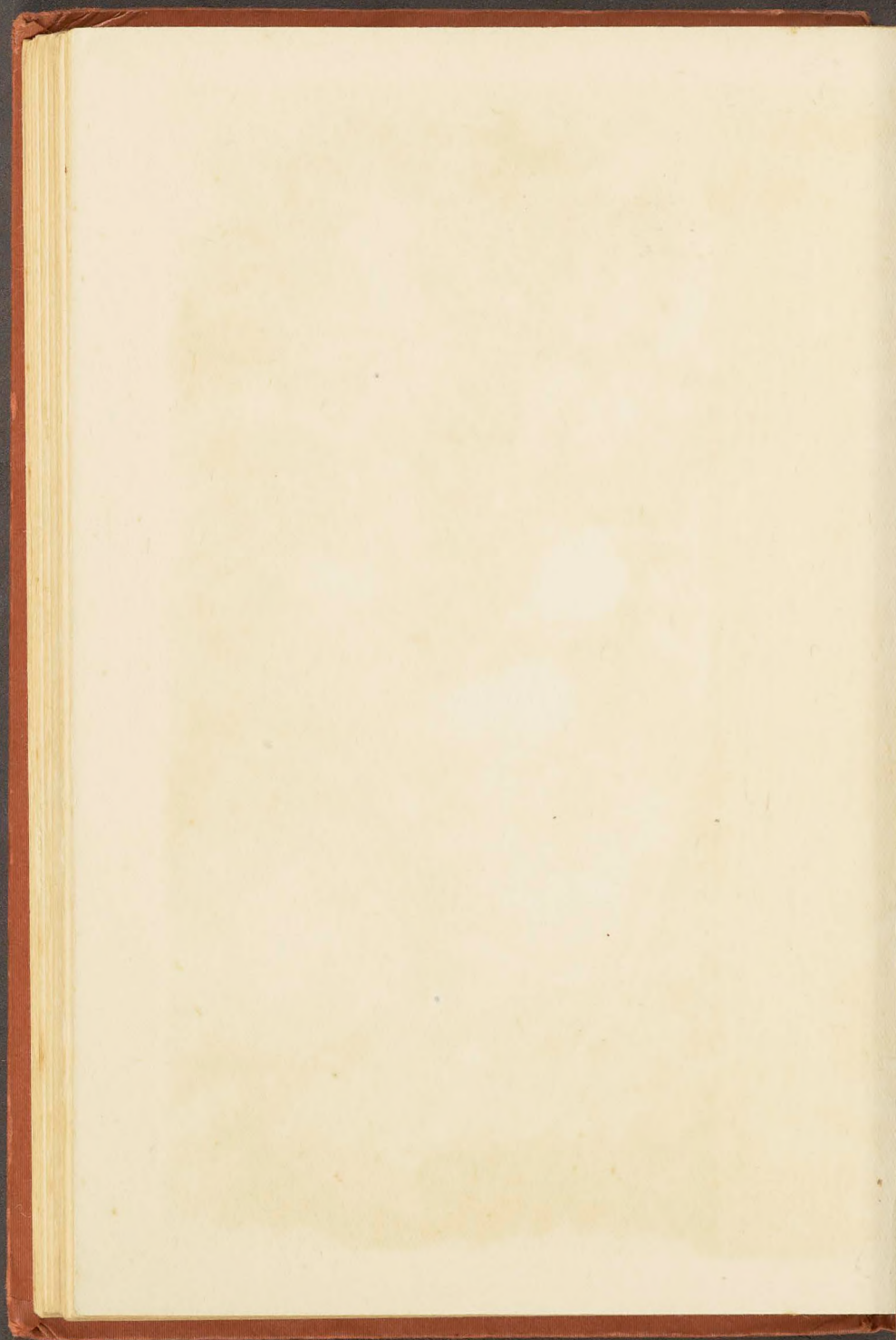
I am, etc.,

(Signed) VERE STENT.

Rondebosch, October 14.







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